Saturday Review

July 13, 1963 25¢

COMMUNICATIONS

CARIBBEAN: OUR SEA OF TROUBLES

Articles by Jaime Benitez and Adolf A. Berle

THUNDER ON THE THAMES:

The British Press and the Profumo Case

By John Tebbel

Richard Harris in a new British film, "This Sporting Life" (see Mov

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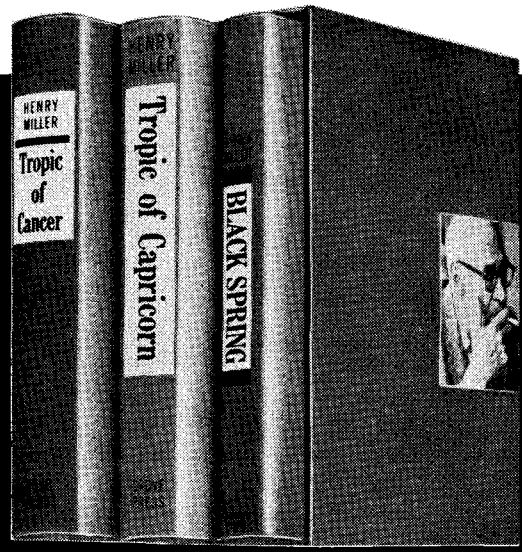

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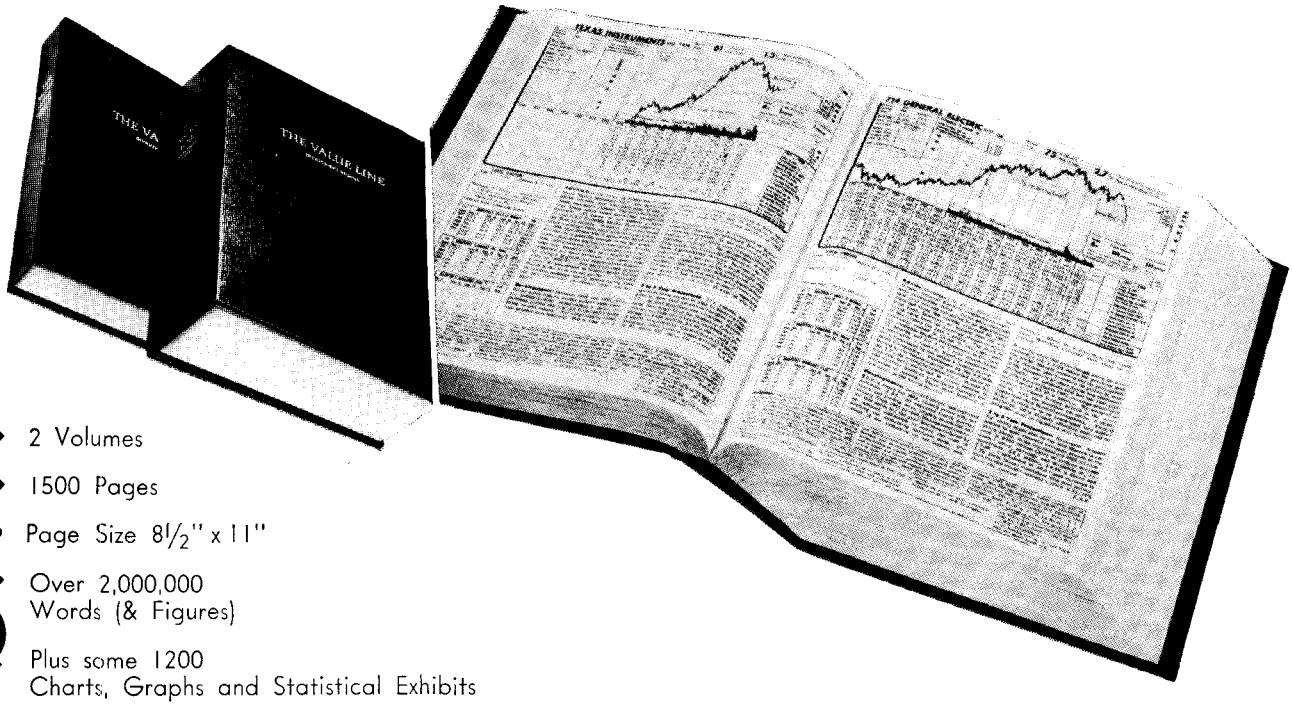

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Edited by Martin Levin

OH! FATE DROPPED YOU AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH!

I HAD read about the Pennsylvania Dutch and once spent a teen-age summer in Reading, but I was still quite unprepared for my adventures when Fate dropped me into the heart of Penn's woodlands. I knew that the herrenvolk were fressers all, as who could fail to be in the richest of farming centers? If you did not go to the

farmer to pick your own peas or asparagus or berries or fruit, as many did, the farmers brought their ambrosia to you. Even the smallest diners and dinettes in my community put real cream in your coffee and each tried to brew the best coffee in town. They succeeded too. Their ice cream was *über alles*, made, not with chemicals that look like and remotely taste like the real article, but with cream from cows and things like that. A local ordinance required that restaurants serve butter for butter, and teufel take cholesterol. They put real butter on your toast, not that greasy yellow stuff that goes on with a paintbrush. About every third person in town who worked was a waitress or a cook, testifying to the fact that the natives eat.

Listening was an adventure, too. When we ordered hamburgers in the diner, the girl said, "The hamburgers are all." All what? All gone, of course; *ausgespielt*. You meet a friend and he says, "It's a fine day, ain't?" You encounter that terminal "ain't" in every conversation, meaning "ain't it?" (or "isn't it?" if you went to college). It's an 8-5 bet that they teach the terminal "ain't" through high school. Or listen to the man at the Accounts Payable Desk conferring with the Credit Man.

"I mashed my hand in a machine and had to go to the hospital. I can't pay yet," he says.

"Oh," responds the Credit Man. "You mashed your hand in a machine and you can't pay yet."

"Yes," the victim continues, "I expect my compensation check next week and I will come in to pay then."

"Oh," the Credit Man replies. "You expect your compensation check next week and you will be in to pay then." And so on.

But strangest of all are the rising accents at the end of many sentences, the pitch going up like a roller coaster and than at the final word dropping suddenly in a strange descent. "Do, re, *mi-i-i*, do?" "Do you *like* that?"

Name oddities in Pennsylvania Deutschland are endless. The spelling is never what you think it is. Mr. White spells it Weit; Mr. Brown is Braun. But Mr. Herr, who fills pages in the phone book, is pronounced not Hare but Her as though to renounce the Hessian fatherland. There are Fastnachs too, in wide variety, which is also the name of a doughnut eaten all year, but in extra large quantities on the evening before fast periods begin, like Lent. Unquestionably the night before the fast gave its name to a doughnut, sometimes made with potato flour and delicious.

Oddly enough, in two years' sojourn I never encountered *Saurbraten mit Kartoffel Pfanukuchen oder Kartoffel Klösse;* and when I asked at Christmastime for *Pfefferniissen*, no one knew what I was talking about. Odd, ain't?

—FRANK A. SIEVERMAN, JR.

• • •

AN EVENING WITH EHRENBURG

EARLY in 1921 I was a cub reporter on a Russian newspaper in Riga, formerly a city of Russia and for the past two years the capital of independent Latvia. My editor called me in and told me to go out and interview a certain poet named Ehrenburg.

"Never heard of him," my editor said. "However, he has just arrived from Russia. Find out if he has anything interesting to say. And by all means talk to his wife; she won a beauty contest in Kiev. She was the prettiest high school student of 1918. My wife's cousin called me up about them. She and Mrs. Ehrenburg went to school together."

I found the Ehrenburgs in a hotel named Stratford-on-Avon, unpacking groceries, the natural occupation of fugitives from Russia.

"We never realized how hungry we were," she said smiling. Her smile was so dazzling one could not follow her words.

The hotel Stratford-on-Avon had been called Rostov-on-the-Don in Czarist times. Under the German occupation it became Frankfurt-am-Main. There were two British destroyers in Riga harbor now.

Ehrenburg had a face permeated with *weltschmerz* and despondency. He was the gloomiest-looking Russian I ever met, and I spent a lifetime among melancholy Russians.

This, he said, was his second flight from Russia. The first occurred shortly before the war of 1914. He settled in Paris among other Russian expatriates. When the first 1917 Revolution, that of February, broke out, he returned to Russia. But he found life in Russia under the Bolsheviks unendurable, the atmosphere stifling. When he fled again, three weeks before I talked to him, he brought some excellent proof with him —his poems.

I made an attempt to draw Mrs. Ehrenburg into the conversation but she promptly effaced herself in favor

of her husband's poems. She produced the manuscripts for him and he began to recite in the peculiar singsong monotone that we Russians employ when reading poetry.

"They are very interesting," he told me, and he was right. The verses were quite interesting and in keeping with his appearance: mournful, tragic, tormented. One poem was about Ivan, a demobilized soldier, returning from the war into "the vast loneliness that was Russia." Then he read "A Fairy Tale" —the most dismal fairy tale ever read to me or by me. It ended with the words: "How dark it is! How cold it is! O God, have mercy on us!" In "A Prayer About Russia" the poet appealed to God "to save the Russian people—a

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very good people in a very bad world."

"She was crucified," he intoned. "In [redacted] autumn of Nineteen Hundred Sev[redacted]een! By us!"

Mrs. Ehrenburg and I had tears in our eyes. "Do you think it would be possible to arrange 'An Evening with Ehrenburg'?" he asked. "I brought with me a number of pieces by other poets. I plan to have them published.

"Absolutely," I said.

At first my editor was doubtful about sponsoring "An Evening with Ehrenburg." Two months prior another Russian author, Count Alexis Tolstoy, came to Riga and, with the aid of our newspaper, staged "An Evening with Alexis Tolstoy." But he turned out to be an imposter; the real Alexis Tolstoy was safely and snugly reciting his poetry and prose in Paris.

I pointed out to my editor that no sane person would want to pretend to be Ehrenburg. He agreed with me, and "An Evening with Ehrenburg" was staged. In spite of the fact that this Ehrenburg was real, the evening was a financial disaster. —M. K. ARGUS.

• • •

FABULOUS

WERE I not a trusting reader of resort advertisements, I would not today have this trouble. It started a few years ago when, one day, a hotel owner discovered "fabulous," a word rich with meaning, and thought it would be appropriate to say in his ad, "Have a Fabulous, Fun-Filled Summer Vacation!" The word caught on and, ever since, resort operators have used it to describe, at one time or other, every aspect of their business. My problem is that every time I see the word in print, I instinctively define it.

Studying this morning's newspaper, for instance, when I substituted one of its many synonyms for "fabulous," I found vacation spots offering me feigned floor shows, imaginary golf courses, and visionary accommodations. I could choose to spend my two weeks at fictitious lakes, legendary filtered swimming pools, exaggerated steam rooms, or chimerical cocktail lounges. Places in the Catskill Mountains advertised unspeakable Broadway entertainment and apocryphal Kosher cuisine. Kids, depending on age, might frolic in mythical day camps or participate in [redacted]rd-to-believe teen-age programs. [redacted]erywhere there were ineffable, fairy-[redacted]ke activities, promising unutterable and phantasmagoric summer vacations.

Soon I must make my annual decision. I am torn between the reality of the roof and the authenticity of the fire escape. —LOU D'ANGELO.

Chess Corner—No. 83

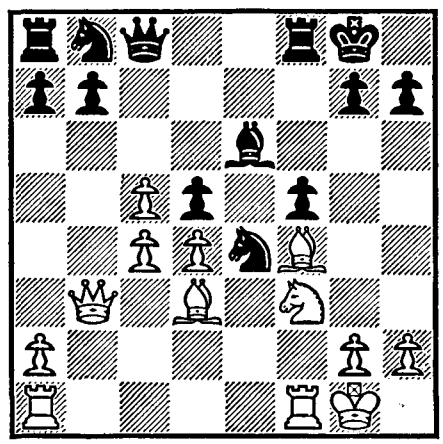
MANY ideas about chess-playing need to be modified. For example the tendency to classify chronological periods of play with labels such as "classical," "romantic," "modern," and "hypermodern" is somewhat misleading. These terms are applicable to opening moves only, and refer to the pattern of development and the method of controlling the center.

To prove the point, choose at random any master game from the remote past to the present. Then show the position that evolved after the first dozen moves or so. The odds are that few will be able to tell even the approximate date of origin. Every successful player must, willy-nilly, play differently at different times. The true winning style is the eclectic one.

Take the game below. Play it over, and then—before reading the concluding paragraph—try to place the approximate date of play.

KING'S GAMBIT
(by transposition)

	Jakobsen White		Bonne Black
1	P-KB4	P-K4	
2	P-K4	PxP	
3	N-KB3	P-Q4	
4	PxP	N-KB3	
5	P-B4	P-B3	
6	N-B3	PxP	
7	P-Q4	B-QN5	
8			B-Q3 O-O
9			O-O B-K3
10			P-B5 BxN
11			PxB N-K5
12			BxP P-B4
13			Q-N3 Q-B1
14			P-B4 NxP



15	PxN	PxP	
16	Q-B3	PxB	
17	B-Q6	R-K1	
18	N-N5	P-KR3	
19	NxB	QxN	
20	QR-K1	Q-N3	
			21 RxRch QxR
			22 R-K1 Q-R4
			23 QxP N-B3
			24 R-KB1 R-K1
			25 RxP R-K8ch
			26 K-B2 Q-Q8
			27 R-B8 mate

The game was played last August in Zurich between two twenty-year-old masters, a Dane and a Belgian, in the Dr. Charles Perret Memorial Tournament. —AL HOROWITZ.

distinctive and unusual

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A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. Paintings from early Italian and Flemish masters to Renoir and Van Gogh, medieval tapestries and ivories, Persian manuscripts, Byzantine gold and enamels, primitive woodcuts, prints and drawings by Rembrandt, Dürer, and Tiepolo, and a festive variety of designs from ancient Greece, China, India, Japan, and pre-Inca Peru. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions under supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The 40 page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1.

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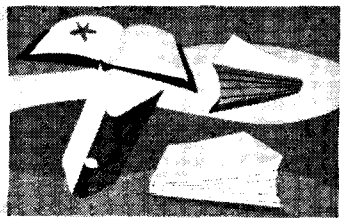
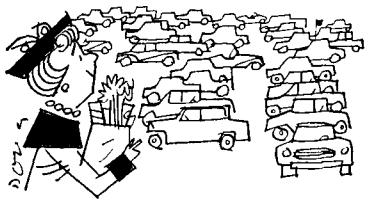


BACK IN THE DAYS when the circus was the circus, an enterprising manager found himself lacking a side show act. He immediately corrected the situation by putting a normal-sized man on exhibition and billing him as "The World's Tallest Midget."



But even today, the magic is not gone. A recent headline in the *New York Times* states: CAR MAKERS PLAN BIGGER COMPACTS.

A FRIEND OF OURS, long before the Fourth of July, drove around with an American flag hung high on the radio antenna of her car. When we asked why she was rushing the season, she said: "Oh, that's because I have such a devil of a time finding my car in these supermarket parking lots. Now I can spot it before you can say 'Rice Crispies.' "

DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS, celebrating its tenth anniversary, has designed a new colophon for its Seventeenth-Century Series. It bears the motto: *Princeps subditorum incolumitatem procurans.* The rough translation, according to Doubleday, is: He who corrects errors is a prince among editors.

MAURICE EDELMAN, Labor member of the British Parliament, is one of the few novelists of any stature who has flowered in governmental gardens. Questioned in New York recently about the Profumo scandal, he said: "What is left for him but to write his memoirs? And I say, if he does, I have just the title for them. You'll remember that after Oscar Wilde was confined to prison on a morals charge, he wrote a book called *De Profundis.* Well, what better title for the Minister's reflections than *De Profumis*?"

ANYONE WHO FEELS that librarians don't run into mystery and adventure is apparently on the wrong track. At the Louisiania Polytechnic Institute, librarian E. J. Scheerer set out at the request of a faculty member to track down the source of a favorite quotation of Jim Brosnan, the egghead pitcher now with the Chicago White Sox. Brosnan had been quoted in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* involving favorite quotations of everyone from President Kennedy to Margaret Mead.

The quotation, admirably fitting for a baseball pitcher, was: "I am you and you are me and what have we done to each other?" The source was given as *The Keener's Manual.* After weeks of searching, plus a response from the *Saturday Evening Post,* which admitted blushingly that it couldn't find the source either, the quotation was discovered in Richard Condon's *The Manchurian Candidate.* A quick letter to Condon brought this response:

"Stop the search ! ! ! I say, *stop the search!* I regret all the bother I have caused you, but because I have never had the knack of finding apt quotations I made up my own and credited them to *The Keener's Manual.* This started with my first novel in 1958, and continued through four of them. . . . When Mr. Brosnan nailed it to the mast in the *Post,* I suddenly became the scourge of American librarians."

NOW THAT ALL THE FUROR finally has subsided from the tidal wave of Tom Swifties, we can take time enough out to post you on the status of the *real* Tom Swift, the creation of the late Edward Stratemeyer, who pounded out the original series from 1910 until 1941 at the rate of two chapters each morning and one each afternoon. Under various pseudonyms, Mr. Stratemeyer wrote over 400 titles, among them the Rover Boys series. The original Tom Swift series began fading around the time of World War II, the author feeling that both the war and the fact that he married Tom off to Mary Nestor did the series in. The latter action seemed to turn Tom into a father image instead of a young hero. However, all is not lost. The new series on Tom Swift, Jr., is moving along at a pace that has already eclip[illegible] the 10,000,000 hard-cover sales of old books.

"Father was something of an opportunist," Harriet S. Adams told us. She is the daughter of Mr. Stratemeyer and heads the syndicate that still bears his name. "Along about 1907, he felt that youngsters would be fascinated by science fiction with a young hero. He wrote forty titles, the last being *Tom Swift and His Electric Silencer,* and they all sold about the same number of copies. Many of the titles were rather prophetic, among them *The Submarine Boat, The Diamond Makers, The Photo Telephone,* and *The Television Detector.* One invention of Tom's I haven't seen come to life is *The Electric Rifle*—but maybe there is such a thing."

In the new series, carried on by Victor Appleton, Jr., Tom's son is a good deal more sophisticated than his dad. He's now going in for sea copters, space solartrons, and electronic retroscopes. "Today all the new books are checked over by a scientist, even though the formula is still about the same," Mrs. Adams told us.

At the present moment, Mrs. Ada[illegible] isn't sure what effect the Tom Swift[illegible] are having on the sales of the books. "I know they're not doing us any harm," she said, "and I've even gotten a few from some of our ten- and eleven-year-old readers. I have a strong feeling that father would have loved them."

BUT MAYBE DICK MARSH, of Detroit, has arrived at an ample benediction for the Swifties wave. He suggests that they be confined to single-word quotes only, calling them "Tom Swiftiers."

"Heavens," she said loftily.
"Hell," he said hotly.
"Well," she said deeply.
"How?" he asked bravely.
To which we might add: "Overdone," he said crisply.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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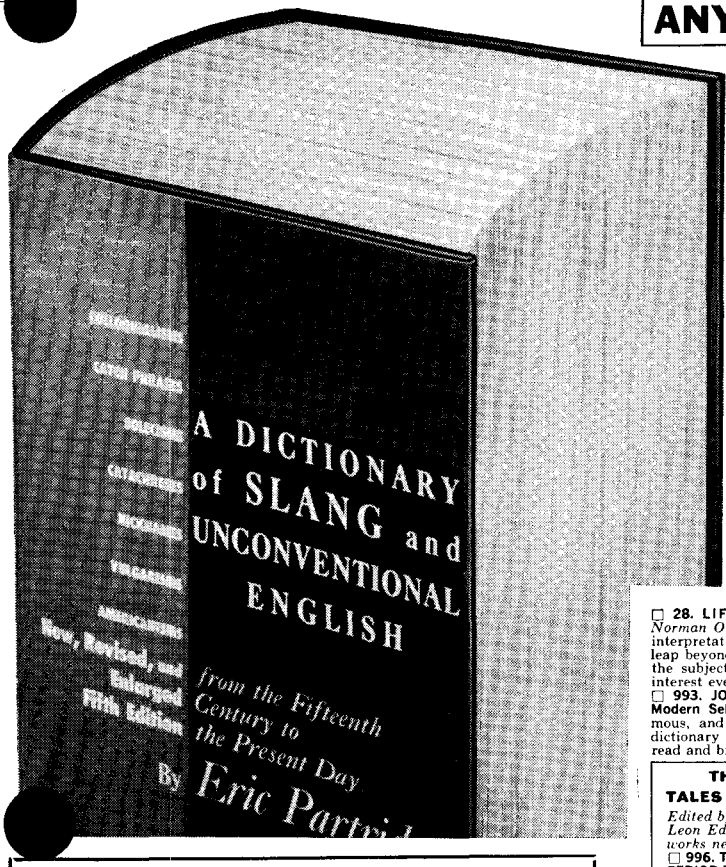
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By Jaime Benitez

Caribbean: Our Sea of Troubles

The chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico, surveying the uneasy history of hemispheric relationships, offers some guideposts for the future.

THE CARIBBEAN, that name so familiar to travel agents and honeymooners, hardly evoked, until recently, any feeling of concern. It has provided a quaint and bewitching atmosphere to pleasure seekers. To more faithful visitors it recalls a certain hill, a beach, a town with loquacious people going about the market. For some creative spirits the Caribbean has afforded a temporary retreat from the pressures of the times. So was, in a sense, Cuba to Hemingway and so are Saint John to Robert Oppenheimer and Antigua to Archibald MacLeish. In Puerto Rico the Caribbean has been mainly the sea around us, or rather that vibrant ocean bordering the southern coast of our island. Luis Palés Matos's poetic vision made the Caribbean more meaningful to all of us, expanding, as all art should, our insights into this myriad world. To all it has concealed more than it reveals. Under the surface of charm and beauty of the landscape, behind the cool shade of the coastal palm trees and the magnificent technicolor of the hibiscus blooms we in the Caribbean regions have faced our own struggles arduously and often on narrow sufferance. At present the Caribbean is once again a sea of troubles, its shores the site of deadly gadgets, its waters a point of confrontation between the two titans.

The Caribbean is still, as it was in the past, one of the great maritime highways of the world for both commercial and strategic purposes. The mainland bordering its shores—Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, and Costa Rica on the south, and Nicaragua, the Honduras, Guatemala, and Mexico on the west—was known in the sixteenth century as the Spanish Main. Its city fortresses were the great centers of Spanish colonial trade. Through them and across the Caribbean passed the great treasures of the *Conquista*, carried across the Andes to Lima, shipped to Panama, and reshipped and convoyed to Spain. The Caribbean has long been a silent witness of human greed and power struggle, both of the Spanish Empire and of its European challengers, the French, the English, the Dutch. They raided the Spanish convoys in its waters and managed to win first military and then political control in different regions.

When one speaks of the Caribbean, its islands come to mind, principally the Greater Antilles—Cuba, Jamaica, Hispaniola (comprising Haiti and the Dominican Republic), and Puerto Rico. They separate the Caribbean from the Atlantic Ocean, while the Lesser Antilles—the Virgins, Guadaloupe, Martinique, Barbados down to Tobago and Trinidad—continue a dotted arch on the eastern side from Puerto Rico to Venezuela. By 1960 the population of the Greater Antilles exceeded 18,000,000, that of the Lesser Antilles came close to 2,000,000, and the countries of the Spanish Main added 66,000,000 more. Thus over 86,000,000 people inhabit the lands and islands bordered by a sea 400 miles wide at its narrowest point along the Windward Islands, about 700 miles wide at its widest point between Panama and Cuba—all told about 1,500 miles long and including a total area of about 7,500 square miles.

The Caribbean has been the scene of events that reach farther and deeper than its own realms. These in many ways condition hemispheric understanding and relationships.

As the Spanish Empire was coming to its end during the nineteenth century, the United States was emerging as a new source of stability and authority in the hemisphere. To European and Latin American intellectuals the United States began to symbolize an exemplary land of opportunity, equality, and achievement. But the United States was simultaneously becoming the Colossus of the North, and power is never an object of unmitigated admiration to its neighbors. Mastering its own frontier, the young giant became more and more self-assertive, flexed its muscles, and continued to grow. It expanded beyond the Northwest Territory to the Pacific, and to the Rio Grande and beyond at the expense of Mexico, Colombia, Spain.

EXPANSION involved a mixture of ruthlessness, self-righteousness, genuine hemispheric need, American self-interest, and incredible ineptness or venality on the part of the governments with which United States interests clashed. The Spanish-American War and the Panama Canal are cases in point. The War of 1898 was a pathetic and probably avoidable test of power between the old and the new. It assured Cuba's independence, transferred Puerto Rico and the Philippines to the winner, and initiated an era of unchallenged American hegemony in the Caribbean. The United States stepped into the vacuum created by the demise of the Spanish Empire while Latin America watched developments with mixed feelings. At the same time the establishment of water communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific was an obvious need for the new world. The European builders of the Suez Canal undertook the indispensable task of joining these two bodies of water at the Isthmus of Panama. But the French ran into enor-

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"You never told me you could yodel."

mous difficulties and scandals. Governments fell and the enterprise was given up in despair.

President Theodore Roosevelt, fresh from the battle of San Juan Hill and eager for additional international adventures, engineered a revolution in Colombia. The leaders of the insurrection proclaimed the Republic of Panama, received immediate recognition from the State Department, and signed instantly a treaty granting canal rights to the United States.

Several military interventions in the Caribbean followed. These included incursions into the Dominican Republic in 1907, 1911, 1929; into Haiti in 1915; into Nicaragua in 1912, 1925, 1927; into Mexico in 1914; into Honduras in 1924. These military interventions left bitter memories and they continue to prejudice possibilities of understanding and cooperation in the hemisphere. The rallying points for the anti-American slogans of the present are built around them. Few recall that the Marines were always withdrawn; that interventions always aroused vehement denunciations from all liberal groups in the United States; that a decisive body of public opinion has been built over the past thirty years against unilateral interventions, opinion that the U.S. has fostered and observed. During that time an inter-American system of defense has evolved. But T.R.'s big stick made his country morally fragile in the eyes of its neighbors and vulnerable to their resentment and suspicion.

The enormous impact of the repudiation of past U.S. military incursions in the Caribbean was evidenced by President Kennedy's last-minute decision to withhold American air and naval support from the Cuban exiles' invasion of the Bay of Pigs in April 1961. That decision turned the whole exile attack and U.S. involvement in it into a catastrophic fiasco. Yet it was a predictable decision, given the emotional commitment of the hemisphere against unilateral intervention in Latin America. Many of the Cuban refugees gallantly struggling to overthrow Castro were aghast. In better days, as leading figures in the closely knitted intellectual world of Latin America, these same men had helped elevate the doctrine of nonintervention to its highest pitch. Yet they now resented United States obedience to the injunction they themselves had raised. Their dismay points towards a basic failure in the present arrangement. No efficacious authority has been created to take over the sheer power that the United States has properly relinquished. There is currently a dangerous vacuum of over-all responsibility.

What about the uneasiness caused by the closeness to the balance of terror of Russian weapons in the Caribbean, an uneasiness that has affected every community in this hemisphere? At the hour of the major crisis of our times last October, genuine hemispheric solidarity backed American policy against Russia. The landing of Soviet missiles was no wiser than the landing of U.S. Marines. But these are extreme life-and-death situations and the need for clearer structures is still present.

Three basic points are now in order:

1) The United States has underestimated in the past and cannot continue to underestimate the rhetoric of hostility and of suspicious fear that prevails throughout Latin America because of past interventions, which continue to cloud relationships and hinder communications. Latin American elites seem to underestimate the magnitude of the changes that are transforming the modern world.

2) Responsible leadership throughout the world finds it possible as well as desirable to develop relationships upon new bases despite traditional enmities or presumably irreconcilable historical clashes. Thus the governments and the people of France and Germany, of Japan and the United States, of England and India join efforts and cooperate to mutual advantage. Will Americans find it beyond their ability to do the same?

3) Responsible leaders in the United States and in Latin America are endeavoring to achieve a rapprochement. If present uncertainties and dangers help to put past evils in their true perspective and make them emotionally eradicable, the ordeal of survival will have been worthwhile.

AND what will make survival itself worthwhile? Fair participation in the spiritual and material goods of a world where technological and social innovations are narrowing the gap between the conceivable and the feasible.

Under the banner of such expectations the social order is changing rapidly without any possibility of deceleration. Social, political, and economic change is on the agenda everywhere.

The Caribbean is not only a sea of troubles but one of contrasts, paradoxes, and crises. Geographic contiguity goes along with psychological isolation, overpopulation in the islands with underpopulation on the mainland, the traditional with the ancient. The reversion of Cuba, the richest, most developed, and proudest of the Antilles, into a land of scarcity and tyranny, a satellite of the USSR rather than a leader of the Organization of American States, has shocked the hemisphere into the realization that sudden, portentous ups and downs, both political and social, are in the offing not only in Asia, Africa, and Europe but also in the Western Hemisphere.

Puerto Rico's transformation from

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an "exploited colony" into a healthy, confident, progressive society under an entirely different approach and leadership unfolds in an unexpected and telling way the contrasting images of the new societies.

The part that leadership plays in emerging communities is well indicated by Barbara Ward as she endeavors to explain the direction of Cuba's political course:

> It can, I think, be argued that this availability of the Soviet pattern helps to explain the unfolding paradox of the Castro regime in Cuba—a regime brought in by widespread popular revolt against the dictatorship and corruption of Batista, promising elections and civil liberties; yet degenerating almost at once into another kind of police state. There is evidence to suggest that Castro chose a Marxist pattern not because he had drawn his support from embattled peasants and workers--in fact, middle-class disgust with Batista was his strongest suit—but because it was the only pattern he knew to help him to exercise the power he had unexpectedly achieved. Faced with the multitudinous uncertainties of responsibility, he grabbed the only pattern which seemed likely to preserve his leadership and deal with his difficulties. It was Cuba's tragedy that a nation so relatively advanced in development—to give only one instance, more than half its population already live in the cities—should be thrust back by totally inexperienced leadership to a repressive and brutal system usually associated with much earlier stages of break-through.

The Cuban revolution derived its pathos not from poverty but from corruption and tyranny. In the case of Puerto Rico the basic social and economic changes resulted from a deep awareness of need, destitution, and social injustice.

The accelerated process of social change began in Puerto Rico before the end of the Second World War, when neither the United Nations, nor the concept of undeveloped countries, nor the Point Four Program, nor the Alliance for Progress existed. Our social effort did not aim at amazing the world, or imposing a doctrine by force, or achieving a historical landmark. It was undertaken as a determined effort, given our scarcity of resources, with the purpose of remedying injustices, providing education, creating opportunities, serving the community, seeking employment for the workers, giving aid to the program of industrialization, and opening society to effort, initiative, and hope. Several years ago we reached the third or take-off stage of social and technological development which Walt Rostow, the economist, maintains is indispensable if a country is to achieve the richness of modern life. Within the last twenty years the average life span in Puerto Rico has increased from forty-six to seventy years, school enrollment from 298,000 to 718,000 students, national income from $250 million to $1.5 billion, and an annual per capita income from $125 to $700. This is the highest per capita income in the Caribbean, in Central America, and in South America, with the sole exception of Venezuela.

But the greatest increase in capital has been in the human dimension, and this in turn has enabled material betterment. The people of Puerto Rico, especially those of lesser economic means, enjoy a standard of living, of education, of health services, and of opportunities that does not exist in three-fourths of the world today.

At the same time, the interest of personal gain in an affluent society has not invaded the public domain. Thus, people in government have never attemped to take the wealth of the country for themselves, as has been, and still is, the case in numerous countries that find it imperative to guide their societies along new social paths. René Dumont, the African leader, in his work *Black Africa Started Wrong*, points out that "the greatest obstacle to progress still is the weakness of the elemental ethics (work, honesty, and devotion to the country) of the various political leaders far more than revolutionary means."

The striking fact in Puerto Rico's social transformation is the growing expansion of its intermediate groups, the increase in the resources of the poor classes, and the real freedom of movement between one strata and another, made possible by education and individual effort. It goes without saying that in other parts of Latin America there are capital cities much more luxurious than in Puerto Rico and persons of exceptional talent who have made great contributions and accomplishments, but insofar as the average standard of living and the opportunities available to all its citizenry are concerned, Puerto Rico's achievement is unsurpassed. The level at which Puerto Rican activity takes place reflects the determined commitment of our community to making equality and human freedom compatible.

THE Alliance for Progress represents a farsighted endeavor to facilitate social, economic, educational, and human advancement throughout Latin America with the principal backing and cooperation of the United States. Within the context of the Caribbean experience it can be defined for what it is not. It is not a political apparatus bent upon manipulating the legitimate grievances of the masses of people in Latin America. It is not an agency designed to promote hatred, resentment, and class warfare among different groups within any society. It does not provide the means or the moral justification of inflicting suffering, anguish, or death upon dissenters. No exiles, no *paredon*, no hostages, no ransoms make up the agenda of the Alliance for Progress. It looks to cooperation, understanding,

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"I miss all those good cries Jack Paar and I used to have."

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Latin America's True Voice

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial, Adolf A. Berle, is a former special assistant to the Secretary of State, former Ambassador to Brazil, and has also served as chairman of President Kennedy's Task Force on Latin America.*

THE Alliance for Progress, a positive program for social and economic development of Latin America, works on a platform of objectives adopted by all Latin American countries at the conference of Punta del Este and is backed by political parties representing a majority of all Latin American voters. Under freedom, the Alliance program can revolutionize Latin America into well-distributed prosperity. Puerto Rico's brilliant success in achieving democratic social and economic revolution, an explosion of productivity, proves its feasibility. By comparison, the wreck of the once-strong economy of Cuba displays the ghastly reality behind shimmering Communist promises.

Simultaneously, the imperialist push of the Soviet Union and China is ruthlessly driving into the explosive Caribbean area. Its aim: reduction of Latin American countries to the status of Russian or Chinese provinces—with an eye to an eventual attack on the United States.

Slowly, all too slowly perhaps, the Alliance for Progress gains new social and political adherents throughout the hemisphere. The Communist imperialists meanwhile maintain a Russian army of occupation (perhaps underestimated at 17,500 men) in Cuba, and have mounted a clandestine drive in Haiti. Cadres of armed guerrillas (locally camouflaged as "armies of national liberation"), paid and supplied from Havana, are being maintained in Venezuela, in Colombia, and possibly also in the northern jungles of Guatemala. Unactivated nests and arms dumps have been organized elsewhere in the Caribbean littoral.

The Alliance for Progress has started constructive projects throughout most of the hemisphere. By 1965 enough will have been completed to affect the lives of about 18,000,000 people; and this is only the beginning. Results are already appearing in Venezuela, in Colombia, in parts of Central America, in other areas like the city of Rio de Janeiro, and are foreshadowed in the northeast shoulder of Brazil.

Contrast could not be clearer, nor could necessity be highlighted more violently. The Alliance program presents unlimited opportunity and hope—but must be forwarded and defended against military armed attack whose ultimate target is the United States. The attack may become more intense. Assistant Secretary of Defense Paul Nitze warns that the Soviet Union will probably stiffen its cold war drive. Washington sources report that Khrushchev agreed with Castro to abandon a "soft line" and increase the scale of armed aggression. The Organization of American States, as of June 5, documented the proven facts and method of the Soviet military and subversive invasion carried on from her Cuban bridgehead.

Americans and Latin Americans alike enjoy talking about and working at the objectives of social reform, social progress, and increased education, production, and distribution. Both dislike to face the pressing but bloody fact that a military attack against them is going forward. This is natural; but, unhappily, social and economic welfare projects (let alone plans) do not by themselves stop bullets coming your way.

Grave as all this is, the problem is not new. When the Marshall Plan for Europe was announced in 1947, the Soviet Union presently declared war on the whole conception, and used all the weapons in its paramilitary armory to abort its apparatus. A year of violent struggle ensued before the Marshall Plan machinery could really become effective. A similar policy was followed by the Communist empires when the Alliance for Progress was announced in March 1961. So it comes about that as summer 1963 begins, we are halfway along in the battle to establish those conditions of order, administration, and organization under which economic and social development can go forward. Unlike Europe, Latin America has no long tradition of honest and effective administration, organizing power, and high educational background. The Alliance task is thus harder, and Communist capacity for sabotage and armed revolution correspondingly greater. On balance, nonetheless, the battle is gradually being won—though Haiti is a current battleground, though Castro-directed terrorism is fighting a bloody last-ditch struggle against President Romulo Betancourt's brilliant achievements in Venezuela, though Brazilian opportunist politicians falter, and though Communist propaganda machines work at full blast.

In its entirety, the situation poses as square a challenge to the Congress of the United States as could well be imagined. The Congress must, and should, and does, insist on defense, and on continuing effort to seek expulsion of the Soviet and Chinese imperialists from Cuba and the Western Hemisphere. Yet to do this effectively it must and should also support, with appropriations and necessary measures, the Alliance for Progress program. Defense can perhaps "stop" or contain the paramilitary operations of Russian and Chinese imperialists. But the battle of the hemisphere cannot be "won" save by triumph of the Alliance program—the

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RIGHT KIND OF VICTORIES

CONGRATULATIONS ON Arthur Larson's vigorous defense of the United Nations in his article "What Every U.N. Critic Should Know" [*SR*, June 15]. Several additional points of correspondence between U.N. objectives and our own also exist.

First, the number of nations belonging has more than doubled since 1945. The more it reaches toward universality, the better the U.N. becomes able to maintain what President Kennedy calls "those human rights to which this nation has always been committed."

Second, it promotes democracy by practicing it. On the floor of the General Assembly new nations—and perhaps also some old ones—are learning the value of an over-all process that involves tolerance, respect for truth, and freedom of speech as a way of clarifying major issues before a vote.

Third, the Assembly's rebuff of the Security Council and of Red China, for overuse of the veto and for aggressive acts cynically coupled with an application for membership, healthily mirrors our own view that the will of the majority should not be subverted and that democratic privileges must be earned.

Finally, though the votes and will of the member nations may not always be implemented, they represent the *kind* of victories we would like to see won: victories by reason and persuasion rather than by totalitarian decree or force.

LOUIS R. WARD.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

LEGISLATION FOR LABORATORIES

AFTER READING the letters in the June 22 issue on Cleveland Amory's article against cruelty to laboratory animals, I feel I must add my voice in defense of Mr. Amory. I do not have a firsthand acquaintance with the conditions he describes, but it seems clear to me that the supporters of the legislation he writes about are simply in favor of eliminating unnecessary cruelty toward animals used in research. Such cruelty in no way furthers research. All it can do is debase those who indulge in it.

I wonder if the writer who doesn't "care how much pain the doctors inflict on cats, dogs, and rats if there is a chance of saving a child's life" really approves of unproductive and unnecessary cruelty toward living beings.

Those who defend this legislation are not antivivisectionists. Probably the extreme views of the antivivisectionists have done more harm than good. They may often account for the violent reaction to such a reasonable proposal.

ELIZABETH S. HELFMAN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

SINCE 1934, when I was a student nurse, I have known of the atrocities perpetrated upon helpless animals in hospital laboratories. But mine has seemed a lone small voice raised against these horrors, since people simply refuse to believe they exist.

I, too, love my children, but I would not wish to buy their lives with the agony of another living creature. . . .

ELLERIE S. WOLFER.

Highland, Mich.

IT IS CURIOUS that the letters objecting to the proposed humane legislation only serve to point up the need for such legislation. The complete and utter callousness of some of them makes it apparent that legislation is essential if the rights of lower animals are to be protected in our enlightened society. . . .

RUTH WALLACE.

Tucson, Ariz.

THE EDITORS of *SR* are to be congratulated for having a writer like Cleveland Amory. His exposé of the almost inconceivably brutal treatment of laboratory animals has raised the level of the magazine. How anyone could defend the conditions he exposes is really mysterious. If we were to subscribe to the concept that the end justifies any means, we would find ourselves in pretty disreputable company.

MARGARET YORK.

Berkeley, Calif.

I AM A BIOLOGIST. On occasion I have found it necessary to expose animals to conditions they would, given a choice, have avoided. I have occasionally practiced vivisection in order to teach my students certain operative techniques. However, I consider myself a lover of animals, and it never fails to grieve me that I cannot live and let live. On the other hand, since I am not a vegetarian, even if I were to abandon my research I would still be contributing to cruelty to animals in one form or another. Using animals for food certainly involves no less cruelty than using animals for research. For that matter, the psychological stresses imposed on most pets and almost all zoo and circus specimens is no less cruel than the physical stresses imposed by biologists.

I am not suggesting that wanton cruelty to animals is permissible in the laboratory because it occurs elsewhere. I do suggest that it is foolish to believe that antivivisectionist legislation is going to make the life of animals pleasanter. Before this occurs we shall need to regulate farmers and ranchers, hunters (do you know how many ducks and deer are maimed each year in the interests of "sport"?), and zookeepers.

There is certainly a need to enforce existing statutes forbidding wilful negligence. This is the commonest form of laboratory cruelty. The hair-raising "experiments" described by Cleveland Amory are perhaps best controlled by public attitudes and opinions. Certainly the legislation currently before Congress will have as its major effect a curtailment of vital research rather than the desired effect of reducing the sufferings of animals.

PETER H. KLOPFER,
Department of Zoology,
Duke University.

Durham, N.C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"I'm sending you to help the undeveloped tribes in the north."

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Real Life

RECENT events in British film entertainment have been raising plaguing questions in the minds of those who ponder changing tides and currents in the movie medium. How is it, for instance, that the British manage so frequently to come up with films that combine good drama with uncompromising views of contemporary life? Why is it that one new director after another emerges, manages to make his mark, and shatters our emotions in the process? The bellwether of the new movement—if movement it is—was Jack Clayton and his famous *Room at the Top*. After him came Tony Richardson, Karel Reisz, John Schlesinger, and Bryan Forbes. And now, as though to nail down the case for the British film, comes Lindsay Anderson, whose first feature film is *This Sporting Life*, which fits into and in fact transcends the new tradition.

Mr. Anderson hardly lacks experience. Discounting the fact that he was once a film critic, his dossier reveals that after his graduation from Oxford he made several short documentary films of excellence, some of which have been seen here. Of these, *Thursday's Children* was particularly memorable. He has also directed at London's Royal Court Theatre, which seems a breeding place of sorts for good movie directors, and in the West End. Then, handed the directorial task for *This Sporting Life* by Karel Reisz (who moved over to the producer's chair), he proceeded to inject powerful life into a study of a young rugby player.

There are some flaws in the film, but first it ought to be stressed that the harsh, brilliant treatment of a seldom explored corner of the British scene engages one firmly, and, buttressed by fine acting, reaches a level that is close to poetry and tragedy.

Mr. Anderson has taken the strange position that a strong, aggressive Yorkshire miner who bulls his way into professional rugby is a human being whose drives and actions are worth a chronicle of importance. Frank Machin is the name of the young chap who finds a way to make aggressiveness and brutality pay off.

But Frank is not all brute. He wants esteem and love; and the shouts of the crowd, and the extra money he earns, don't give him all the satisfactions he had thought they would provide. Having imposed himself on the outside world, he attempts to impose his emotional needs on a young widow with whom he lodges. It is in this area (or the arena of love) that the movie achieves its greatest dimension, for the relationship between Frank and Mrs. Hammond is shown to be a subtle and cruel entanglement between two people who want each other physically, but find themselves opposed in almost every other way.

Mrs. Hammond's first marriage was an unhappy one, and there is the implication that the husband took a suicidal way out of it. She is a narrow-minded woman who is both repelled and attracted by Frank's flamboyant ways. He can crush through her physical existence, but the mental barriers prove impassable, and he symbolically and literally crushes the life out of her. This was also the material of David Storey's novel of the same title, but the screenplay he has developed from it contains considerably more power, as graphically directed by Anderson.

As Frank Machin, Richard Harris gives a powerful, dominating performance, combining the look of a tough, hard-as-nails athlete with a not fully comprehending sensitivity. And, as Mrs. Hammond, Rachel Roberts provides a subtly shaded, altogether understanding portrait. I mentioned flaws: in certain scenes Mr. Harris, good as he is, seems too Methodological as he falls back upon Brando-like grimaces, gestures, and vacant stares. It is too bad he needed these, for he is an uncommonly good and original actor.

THERE are also a few moments that strain credulity and that cause soft spots in the generally firm treatment. Frank, taking Mrs. Hammond out to an expensive restaurant, is too much the oafish cluck. When the wife of the owner of the football club invites Frank to run roughshod over her, both she (Vanda Godsell) and Harris play the scene too bluntly, and his refusal is a little ludicrous in view of the fact that he has known very well what she had in mind. And why the shy hints about the abnormality of the rich owner of the football club? Better to face it directly, or leave it out.

Beyond that, almost everything rings true. The atmosphere of the league games, the locker rooms, the pubs, the dance halls seems sharp and authentic. Not too many of Frank's origins are given, perhaps because they are distressingly clear to British audiences, and besides, that's not the story. The story has to do with a young man trying to get ahead in the only way he knows how, and the kind of opportunities his environment readily affords him. It's hardly pretty, but you won't remain detached.

Not quite as good, but striking too, is *The Small World of Sammy Lee*, another British film that demonstrates, above all, how brilliant an actor is Anthony Newley. The Sammy Lee he plays is an inhabitant of Soho, master of ceremonies of a sleazy strip joint, who accepts the intricate rules of his milieu. He owes some money to an unseen gambling overlord, and when he can't pay it back he knows the penalty is a brutal roughing up by the boss's hoods.

If the film itself can't quite make up its mind whether to be a thorough study of the cheap, vice-ridden atmosphere of Soho, or a kind of realistic thriller, Mr. Newley has no trouble creating a rounded, fascinating character. A little hard to believe is the cute provincial girl who has fallen for Sammy while at a holiday camp and who comes to London, prepared to strip at his club as a means of reviving his affection. But several of the other types are quite wonderful, including the club owner played by Robert Stephens, and the dignified hood played by Kenneth J. Warren.

Ken Hughes, who both wrote the screenplay and directed, unfortunately uses Sammy to attack the gentlemen who come and ogle, a speech that isn't altogether necessary, since the faces of the patrons show us enough. Aside from this, Mr. Hughes views Soho with a savagely humorous eye.

Contrast this film with *The Stripper*, a recent pallid exercise in Hollywood realism. Joanne Woodward is seen as a showgirl on the downhill path who has a dispirited romance with a youthful filling station attendant (Richard Beymer). He is first attracted to the way she waggles when she walks, then imagines he is in love, and gets the faded, jaded girl to believe that he is offering true romance and marriage. When the illusion meets harsh reality, there is nothing left but to start stripping. Robert Webber plays the sadistic former lover who finds her the job, this in a not-to-be-believed strip joint where Miss Woodward decorously covers herself with balloons and seems more fully dressed than when wearing slacks and blouse. Anguished dialog (some of it resurrected from the William Inge play *A Loss of Roses*) hardly helps matters, and the ending has Miss Woodward starting off again with renewed hope. The director, Franklin Schaffner, might have profited from a visit to England. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Polling the Critics

WHAT were the top achievements of the 1962-63 Broadway season? *SR* has polled a number of leading critics on their preferences. Those who responded were: Walter Kerr (New York *Herald Tribune*), Howard Taubman (*New York Times*), Richard Watts, Jr. (New York *Post*), George Oppenheimer (*Newsday*), Ethel Colby (*Journal of Commerce*), William Glover (Associated Press), Ward Morehouse (Newhouse Papers), Ted Kalem (*Time*), Emory Lewis (*Cue*), Henry Hewes (*Saturday Review*), Alan Pryce-Jones (*Theatre Arts*), John Gassner (*Forum*), George Freedley (New York Public Library Theatre Collection).

The results, both in first choices and runners-up, are printed below:

MALE STAR—*Play*: Arthur Hill as George in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Runners-up: Charles Boyer (*Lord Pengo*), Bert Lahr (*The Beauty Part*), Peter Ustinov (*Photo Finish*).

MALE NON-STARRED—*Play*: Alan Arkin as David Kolowitz in *Enter Laughing*. Runners-up: William Prince (*Strange Interlude*), Paul Rogers (*Photo Finish*), Fritz Weaver (*Lorenzo*), George Grizzard (*Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*), Paul Roebling (*The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*), Gregory Rozakis (*Natural Affection*).

MALE STAR—*Musical*: Anthony Newley as Littlechap (*Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*). Runners-up: Sid Caesar (*Little Me*), Daniel Massey (*She Loves Me*), Jean Pierre Aumont (*Tovarich*), Clive Revil (*Oliver!*).

MALE NON-STARRED—*Musical*: Jack Cassidy as Stefan Kodaly in *She Loves Me*. Runner-up: Nathaniel Frey (*She Loves Me*).

MALE BROADWAY DEBUT: Jonathan Miller in *Beyond the Fringe*. Runners-up: Edward Woodward (*Rattle of a Simple Man*), Neville Brand (*Night Life*), Gregory Rozakis (*Natural Affection*).

FEMALE STAR—*Play*: Uta Hagen as Martha in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Runners-up: Margaret Leighton (*Tchin-Tchin*), Tammy Grimes (*Rattle of a Simple Man*), Hermione Baddeley (*The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*).

FEMALE NON-STARRED—*Play*: Zohra Lampert as Catherine Haupt in *Mother Courage*. Runners-up: Betty Field (*Strange Interlude*), Diana Sands (*Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright*), Carmen Mathews (*Lorenzo*).

FEMALE STAR—*Musical*: Vivien Leigh as Tatiana in *Tovarich*. Runners-up: Barbara Cook (*She Loves Me*), Georgia Brown (*Oliver!*), Barbara Baxley (*She Loves Me*).

FEMALE NON-STARRED — *Musical*: Anna Quayle as Evie in *Stop the World, etc.* Runners-up: Nancy Andrews (*Little Me*), Mary Louise Wilson (*Hot Spot*), Virginia Martin (*Little Me*).

FEMALE BROADWAY DEBUT: Melinda Dillon as Honey in *Who's Afraid, etc.* Runners-up: Dorothy Tutin (*The Hollow Crown*), Libi Steiger (*Sophie*).

DIRECTOR — *Play*: Alan Schneider (*Who's Afraid, etc.*). Runners-up: Jose Quintero (*Strange Interlude*), John Gielgud (*The School for Scandal*), Jerome Robbins (*Mother Courage*).

DIRECTOR—*Musical*: Harold Prince (*She Loves Me*). Runners-up: Anthony Newley (*Stop the World, etc.*), Peter Coe (*Oliver!*), John Lehne (*The Beast in Me*).

SCENE DESIGNER: Sean Kelly (*Oliver!, Stop the World, etc.*). Runners-up: Ming Cho Lee (*Mother Courage, The Moon Besieged*), Will Steven Armstrong (*Tchin-Tchin*), William and Jean Eckart (*She Loves Me*), William Ritman (*Who's Afraid, etc.*).

COSTUME DESIGNER: Anthony Powell (*The School for Scandal*). Runners-up: Patricia Zipprodt (*She Loves Me*), Robert Fletcher (*Little Me*), Andy Warhol, Leo Van Witsen (*The Beast in Me*), Motley (*Mother Courage*).

CHOREOGRAPHER: Bob Fosse (*Little Me*). Runners-up: Carol Haney (*She Loves Me*), Herbert Ross (*Tovarich*).

COMPOSER: Jerry Bock (*She Loves Me*). Runners-up: Lionel Bart (*Oliver!*), Anthony Newley, Leslie Bricusse (*Stop the World, etc.*), Cy Coleman (*Little Me*).

LYRICIST: Sheldon Harnick (*She Loves Me*). Runners-up: Anthony Newley, Leslie Bricusse (*Stop the World, etc.*), Lionel Bart (*Oliver!*), Carolyn Leigh (*Little Me*).

PROMISING PLAYWRIGHT—*Broadway Debut*: Edward Albee (*Who's Afraid, etc.*). Runners-up: Max Frisch (*Andorra*), Jack Richardson (*Lorenzo*).

PROMISING PLAYWRIGHT—*Off-Broadway Debut*: Murray Schisgal (*The Typists* and *The Tiger*). Runners-up: William Hanley (*Whisper Into My Good Ear* and *Mrs. Dally Has a Lover*), David Rayfiel (*P.S. 193*).

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Balkans in Brief—4. Rolling Out a Red Carpathian

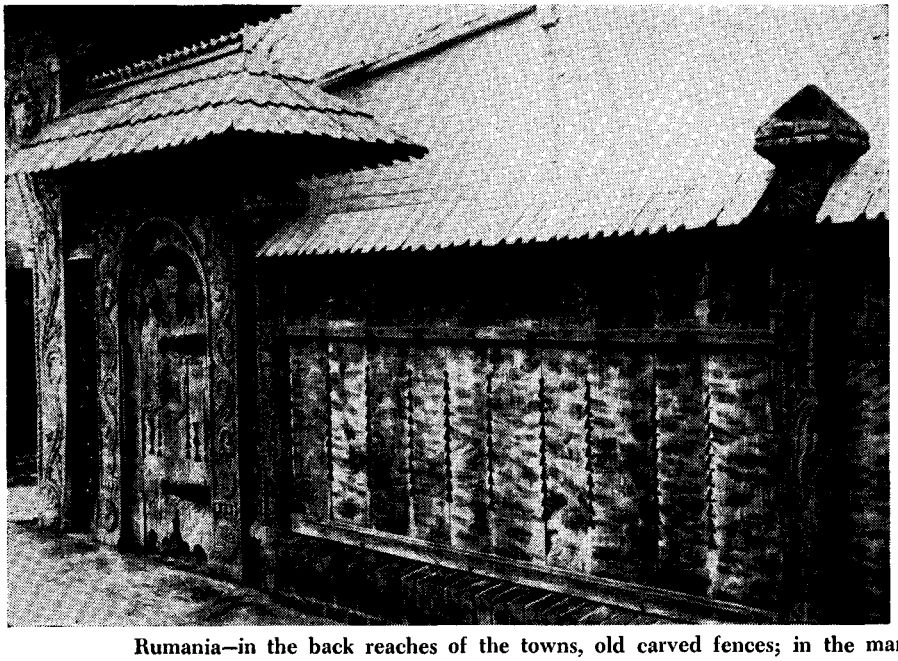
WHATEVER its differences with the Soviet Union, and lately there have been many, Rumania is a Communist country hemmed in on all sides by socialist nations. Only Yugoslavia, which is perhaps less stridently doctrinaire than the others, gives it some breathing space on the west. And then there is the waft of air that may filter in through its window on the Black Sea, a shoreline that is otherwise shared by Bulgaria and Turkey on the south and Mother Russia all around the northern rim.

I cite these circumstances of geography because in spite of this encirclement, Rumania has been able to generate some ideas that are quite its own. Only recently the Soviet Union acknowledged that it was running into difficulty with Bucharest in its plans to assign production tasks to the several Eastern European countries. While it acknowledged the principle of the socialist division of labor, the Rumanian government said respect must also be given to national sovereignty. To anyone touring the country, there are other, more subtle indications that Rumania has a mind, a heart, and an *esprit* quite its own. The early postwar architecture in Bucharest is heavy with Soviet influence. One sits on the open terrace of the Restaurant Pescarus in the park and looks across the lake, with its shimmering reflections and soft willows on the shore, to see the massive Scinteia printing works rising behind it. As design it is as *au courant* as the Woolworth Building which caused a sensation when it was erected in New York in 1913.

On the other hand, the displays inside the national art gallery have been handled with infinite charm and imagination. The lower floors are given to church art, fifteenth-century church doors, icons pressed under glass, whole frescoes, the entire façade of a church with inlaid icons intact. The gallery of foreign artists, a collection gathered after the war, I presume from private bourgeois collectors who also contributed their villas and their estates, includes three El Grecos, three Rembrandts, a wide assortment of Breughels, and Rubenses, and pieces by Delacroix, Daumier, Rodin, Pissaro, and Renoir. A small collection of Soviet state art has been hung, too, but I had the feeling it had not been presented with a great sense of pride.

No Soviet architect has dared to come up with any design as deviationist, or as attractive, as the Bucharest circus building, walled as it is in glass and capped with a concrete dome that falls in folds. The circus is a permanent exhibition in Bucharest, playing nightly to 2,100 spectators when the house is full and with seats selling for a dollar or two, tickets are hard to get. The design on the curtain shows airplanes skipping off to the socialist capitals of the world, including that latest addition, Havana. The first tourists from Havana came last year and were promenaded around the usual circuit with certain additions reserved for socialist brethren. The former prison at Doftana was a special stop arranged so that the Cubaños could see the cells where, as the official Rumanian tourist magazine put it, "those who had struggled for the people's interests were locked up and tortured under the bourgeois-landlord regime."

One dutiful Cuban tourist was quoted as saying upon his departure that he had the impression of being in his own country as soon as he stepped on Rumanian soil. Another made a point of extolling the food. While the Rumanian landscape has its fascinations, and I saw it from the Carpathians to the Black Sea shores, I was hardly reminded of the palmlands of Cuba I remember. Nor would I think that anyone reared on guava shells and *fabada*, to say nothing of Moro crab, would appreciate the Rumanian kitchen, whatever that may be. The salamis, an inevitable opener, were unfailingly excellent, the caviar was superior, plentiful, and relatively inexpensive, and the wines were a reasonable facsimile of their Western namesakes. A *riesling de Tirnave*, from a section of Transylvania, was good enough to warrant a note, a *Bordeau de Dealul Mare* approximated the light reds of France, and a Chardonay de Murfatlar, from the Black Sea near Constantsa, proved to be a sweet white that gave a good imitation of a Chateau d'Yquem. The best meal of all, perhaps, was a sort of captain's dinner held with our guides



Rumania—in the back reaches of the towns, old carved fences; in the markets, peasants in from the hills.

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and members of the tourist office at Bucaresti, a quiet roost of the intelli-[redacted]ia in mid-city. It opened with [redacted]ntuan portions of caviar, proceeded to a smoked fillet of pork ever so lightly fumed with garlic, and finished with a praliné mousse.

Besides its unusual cuisine—a far cry, I might add, from the dining room of the Lido, where the waiters seem in perpetual need of a change of linen—the comfortable old Bucaresti filled its heavily draped rooms with a lively clientele, most of them writers and theatre people. In the house the night we were there was the brave Rumanian who had produced Tennessee Williams locally. Once called the Capsa, the Bucaresti occupies a corner of an old hotel and is particularly dear to the theatrical fraternity because it was once an entertainment hall that housed the Rumanian stage at the beginning of the century. From this corner of the Calea Victorei and Joliot Curie Street we walked back to the hotel, crossing the great square in front of the Palace of the Republic. We passed the empty plot where the National Theatre once stood bombed and burned on the last day of the war, my guide told me, by British planes. Its last performance had been Shakespeare [redacted]very night. It made a good story, [redacted]the proper note of irony revered in [redacted]Balkans, but the facts as given in the definitive government guide on Rumania, published in 1959, insist that the National Theatre had been inaugurated in 1852 and was destroyed in 1944 by Nazi bombs. Never one to lose an opportunity to fling a propagandist dart, the book adds, "In these places was the traditional centre of the Rumanian theatre world, and it was here on the 13th of December 1918, that the old regime ordered the slaughter of workers demonstrating for a better life."

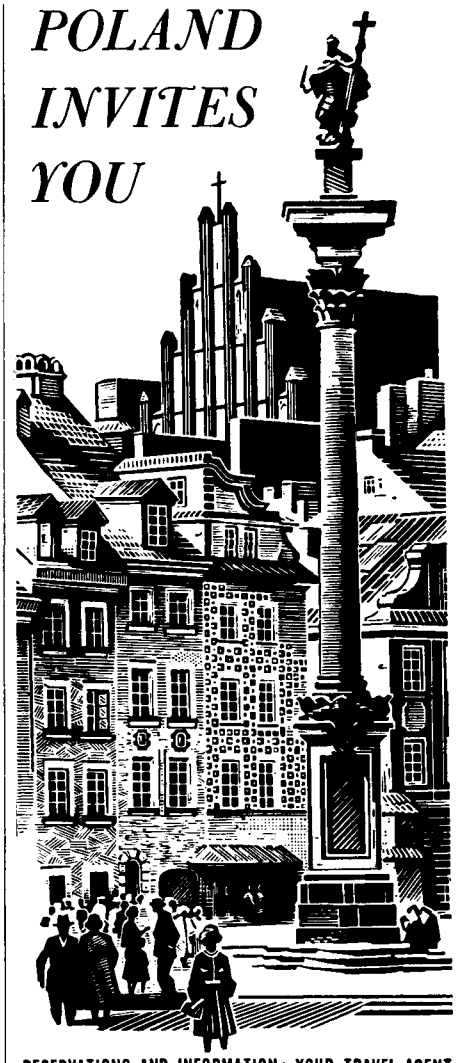
Besides Bucharest, which sits on the Rumanian plain near the Bulgarian border, there were the mountains and the shore to see. We headed first for the hills, driving out one clear morning north from the capital toward the Carpathians. It is only thirty-seven miles to Ploesti, the oil center that became famous during the war. Churchill had called it "the taproot of German might." By the time the Germans got their hands on it, Ploesti had nearly a 100-year history in refining. It had begun in 1857, some two years before a well was brought in at Titusville, Pennsylvania. Under colorful Queen Marie, the Ru-[redacted]n oil industry prospered, and by [redacted]me she died in 1938 Ploesti was producing 10,000,000 tons a year, among it the best aviation fuel available in Europe. The engineers who ran it were British, American, and French, all of whom stood ready with sabotage plans should Hitler try to overrun Rumania. When Paris fell in 1940 the Germans captured a train that contained intelligence material outlining the technical plans for sabotage at Ploesti. Hitler had organized a fifth-column Iron Guard under General Ion Antonescu, and the night after the capture of the train outside Paris, Antonescu's men kidnaped thirty-five Allied technicians in Ploesti and marched them off to the torture rooms. A technical assistance group arrived from Germany and set about building a fortress that would protect Ploesti from the air and from the land as well. On June 11, 1942, the first American force hit Ploesti without much fanfare and with little success. However, its impact was noted by the head of the German military assistance staff, who wrote, "This is the beginning." On August 1, 1943, the Americans sent 178 bombers carrying 1,763 men, and twice the fire power that had been used at Gettysburg against Ploesti. It was a shattering, costly raid, often called the greatest air stroke of the war. By the next May the attacks were coming regularly and they continued until mid-August. Ploesti had cost America 286 bombers and nearly 3,000 men killed or captured. In their nighttime raids the British had dropped nearly two score bombers. The peaceful morning we drove through Ploesti, the trees leafy on both sides of the road, the refineries once more sending smoke into the heavens, the only vestige of those terrible days twenty years ago was a small British cemetery we passed along the side of the highway.

After Ploesti the road begins to climb into the Carpathians. In the early reaches of these mountains on the road to Transylvania, the highland retreat of Sinaia has memories of royalty and the bourgoisie. Villas and a casino, and above all the incredible Chateau Peles begun by King Carol I in 1875, recall its salad days. The villas and the hotels have become vacation homes for workers, the gambling casino is now called a Palace of Culture, the chateau is a museum dedicated to the fat opulence of the former rulers. As a specimen exhibit it is very effective. After a long winding walk up the pebbled roadway the visitor must don felt overshoes and slough across the parquet floors to view the Moorish salons, the French winter room, the forests of German statuary, the roomful of armor, the carved balconies, the sliding stained-glass roof, and hand-whittled spiral stairways. The Communists make hay with it, running busloads of students, many Africans among them, through the incredible halls. After a tour of the trappings, the mountain air is refreshing.

The centerpiece of excursions to the Carpathians is the old city of Brasov

(*Continued on page 54*)

POLAND INVITES YOU



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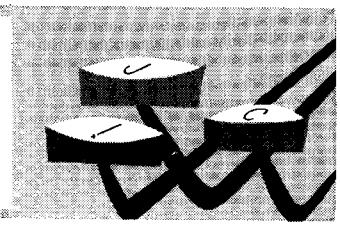
Manner of Speaking



WHAT IS PORNOGRAPHY? John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (often known as *Fanny Hill*) has been published in the United States by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and its publication certainly opens a new level of discussion in the ever-raging debate on book censorship.

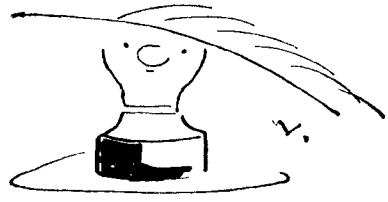
The book banners have defended censorship on the grounds that "pornographic literature" tends to incite the young to lewd, lascivious, indecent, and generally parental behavior. There have been minor variations on this theme, but as a regular thing the expressed concern of the censors has been the teen-ager rather than the adult and the fear has been that "pornography"—whatever one intends by the word—will damage the sensibilities, habits, and moral standards of adolescents.

For myself I must believe that the sensibilities of the young are determined not by their reading habits but by the tone of the society in which they live, and that their habits and moral standards are determined by the persuasions of what gets called their "peer group," countered (as one may hope) by the example set for them by their parents. Reading, to be sure, can be a far-reaching influence upon thoughtful adolescents but it is not their reading habits that determine their attitudes toward life, sex, and social responsibility. It is, rather, their attitudes that determine their reading habits.

So persuaded, I have defended one banned book after another because I believed in each case that the author was seriously (with or without talent, but seriously) trying to give form to his impressions of life as he had found it to be.

The now practically forgotten furor over four-letter words in World War II novels is relevant. Any man trying to set on paper what he experienced in the dog-face army of our hope inevitably has a problem. Civilians, as a general thing, do not permit themselves the kind of Anglo-Saxon points of emphasis that pepper G.I. talk. And a good thing, too. Yet a man who has been there and who wants to describe how it really was, cannot help but feel dishonest if he censors the talk. (I cannot resist noting, after a random survey of "sexy" titles sold under the counter along 42nd Street in New York City, that genuine pornography seems to avoid all four-letter words and to render its sexier passages in high flights of pseudo-poetic verbiage full of cosmic mixed metaphors.) The serious writer's urge to be realistic, on the other hand, is an inextricable part of his esthetic seriousness. He is likely, in fact, to become impassioned at the civilian protestations and to argue that if Aunt Jane can let the boys fight, die, and be bored for her freedom, she can humping damn well be made to listen to the vocabulary of her freedom as it was exercised in the crotch-deep mud of the stinking fact there are no parades for.

One may disagree with what the author takes to be necessary reality, but those who decry the honesty of such an author's seriousness must certainly open themselves to the charge of re-



fusing reality. For the artist to concur in the parental habit of sweeping sex under the rug is to destroy his sense of honesty. The parents did, after all, beget their children by some sort of sexual approximation, though evidently in half-guilt about the whole thing, and in terror of admitting any approximate reality to the discussion. By and large Americans have managed to make "sex" a dirty word. Collaterally, the American parent has been ever ready to unload some of his own guilt feelings onto a vaguely defined idea of "pornography." All of us, alas, live in a social conspiracy to commit sexual hypocrisy. In defending the freedom of serious writers to describe life as they think they have observed it, I have, as I believe, defended a necessary honesty.

In the past, however, my defense has always been of books written with a serious intent to give form to an idea of reality. No such claim, as I see it, can be made for Cleland's *Memoirs*.

The book, elegantly styled to the mannerisms of eighteenth-century diction, is derived from the picaresque novel by way of the episodic sexual adventures of such a female rogue as DeFoe's Moll Flanders, and from the simpering protestations of such roguish and self-seeking hypocrite Richardson's Pamela.

The *Memoirs*, that is to say, has an admirable ancestry. By now, moreover, it is an established literary curiosity, and Cleland's skill as a stylist, as an observer of human motives, and as a reporter of the fads of his age can be argued to provide the literary historian with some valuable, if incidental, footnotes.

With all scholarly details in place, however, and with all incidental stylistic merits recognized, the book still remains an overt piece of pornography. It was conceived and written with no intent but to titillate the reader by ringing the sexual changes in minute (and yet evasive) detail, the author's catalogue of sexual variations being limited only (and considerably) by his own lack of imagination. (He might at least have read the classics and given Roman substance to English mannerism.) With Cleland's series of sexual encounters there is no effort to depict the lives of men and women seriously. The details of sexuality are, in fact, suggestively exaggerated. The seeming naïveté of Fanny's memoirs is not the result of simplicity but is an art[illegible] coloration of the tone, clearly design[illegible] to heighten the suggestiveness of the sexual narration. And the author himself could not have begun to believe that life in a London brothel was remotely as he described it.

I am not well disposed, let me say, to banning any book. I believe that parents who have reared their children in sympathy, and yet within a sense of this world as it goes, have nothing to fear from what the children read. And it is always likely—it seems, in fact, certain—that any statute framed to suppress pornography will be used to suppress the work of serious writers. It is, I believe, socially irresponsible to let moral indignation bring about statutes that cannot, by their nature, be responsibly phrased to cover all cases. The only consequence of such statutes is that the good will be damned with the bad—a clear affront to the legal principle that it is better for a hundred guilty persons to go free than to punish one innocent person. These, I submit, are ponderable reasons for opposing legal censorship of any sort, and I must take them to be sufficient.

But to the specific question "Is the *Memoirs* a pornographic book?" I c[illegible] give only one answer.

It certainly is: it was written as such, it has had a clandestine history in which all scholars have held it to be such, and such it is today and will be to the dark end of time's last bookshelf.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Critic to Remember

A FEW weeks before Van Wyck Brooks died, there occurred the death of another literary critic, Newton Arvin, less well known but a distinguished figure. Despite a difference in their ages of nearly fifteen years, the two had long been friends. In 1921, when he was a senior at Harvard, Arvin called on Brooks at the office of *The Freeman* to express his admiration for his work, and Brooks gave him a couple of books to review, thus initiating a career and a friendship. Arvin's last book, *Longfellow*, was dedicated to Brooks, and, reviewing that book in *The New Yorker*, Edmund Wilson coupled the names of the two men as "first-rate writers."

Although I knew Arvin from 1925 on, this is not a personal reminiscence but a reminder of his importance as a critic. He was the author of four books, four studies of American men of letters —Hawthorne, Whitman, Melville, and Longfellow—and a number of essays and reviews. This modest output gives him a high place among critics of American literature.

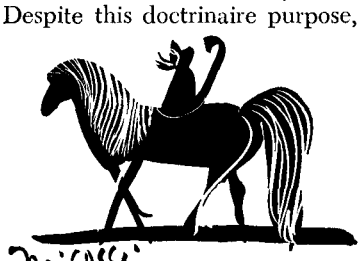
His *Hawthorne*, published in 1929, before he was thirty, begins in characteristic fashion: "The thirty-eight New England youths who made up the class of 1825 at Bowdoin College, in the recently admitted State of Maine, uttered their mutual leave-takings in the late summer of that year with probably no more than the usual reminiscent regret, and no more than the usual sanguine inspection of the auguries." This is the rather elegant style that Arvin had developed so early in his career, a style that became more flexible as time went on without losing its special quality.

Hawthorne was a congenial figure for Arvin, who, though no recluse, was fond of solitude, and who had his own touches of melancholy. He moved back and forth between the life and the work, letting each illuminate the other. There have been recent attempts to prove that Hawthorne was a perfectly normal, even high-spirited, citizen; but Arvin's portrayal is nearer to the mark. More than that, it is a moving account of what was, in many of its parts, a sad life.

At times Arvin seems to be scolding Hawthorne, somewhat in the manner of Brooks on Twain and James, for not being a different kind of writer, for not concerning himself with the contemporary scene; but in his analysis of the major novels and tales he is completely just. He does not gloss over shortcomings, but he recognizes and pays tribute to greatness. There is no book I know of that gives a finer insight into Hawthorne's character or a wiser estimate of his work.

The *Whitman* is a different sort of book, and it grew out of different circumstances. Arvin was one of the first of the young writers to be shocked by the Depression into demanding a radical, not to say revolutionary, reconstruction of our political and economic life. On almost the first page of *Whitman*, which was published in 1938, he wrote: "the clearer it becomes that the next inevitable step in human history is the establishment and construction of a socialist order, the more interested every thoughtful man becomes in scanning the work of writers and artists in the recent past for whatever resources there may be in it on which a socialist culture may draw."

Despite this doctrinaire purpose, the book is anything but dogmatic. It is a scholarly analysis of Whitman's views on politics, economics, and science, fully recognizing and exploring his manifold contradictions. Later in life Arvin was not altogether happy about the *Whitman*, and it is true that he had severely limited his scope, but within the self-imposed limitations the book is a valuable piece of work. If one wants to know where Whitman stood in relation to the leading ideas of his time, if one wants to analyze and weigh his inconsistencies, here the book is. If at some other time, in some other frame of mind, Arvin would have written a different sort of book and perhaps a more generally interesting one, he did what he set out to do as well as it could be done.



He was in a different frame of mind when he wrote his *Melville*, which was published in 1950 and given the Na-

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tional Book Award. Here he was simply trying to see what he could make, in every relevant way, of a writer of greatness. As in the *Hawthorne*, he deals with both the man and his books, and he tells Melville's story brilliantly, the somber later years as well as the exciting early ones. His analysis of Melville's psychological problems is controversial but persuasive, and, again as in the *Hawthorne*, the problems are carefully related to the work.

The crux of the book is a magnificent chapter on *Moby Dick*, which seems to me to be something like a masterpiece. It is a piece of systematic criticism, beginning with the sources of the novel, examining its structure, discussing the principal symbols, the imagery, the vocabulary. From these more or less mundane considerations, it moves to an exposition of the various levels of meaning—psychological, moral, and mythical. All the tools of modern criticism are brought into action, but the tools are made to serve the purposes of what Henry James, in a different connection, called "a really grasping imagination."

When he finished the book on Melville, Arvin began a study of Emerson, but, after working for two or three years, he came to feel that Emerson was not really his man and he abandoned the undertaking. Later he turned to the subject of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, finding it a relief, I think, to be concerned with a writer who was less challenging than either Melville or Emerson but had his own sort of interest. As I said in my review of the *Longfellow* (*SR*, Feb. 23), the book is a miracle of discrimination, an extraordinary effort to salvage what is worth salvaging in a writer who in our time has been as undeservedly dismissed as he was once extravagantly praised. I am sure that Arvin enjoyed the making of these sharp distinctions, just as, with his own remarkable knowledge of European literature, he took pleasure in the range of Longfellow's erudition.

If Arvin had lived, he had it in mind to write an ambitious history of literary ideas in America, and the book could and almost certainly would have been his *magnum opus*. But he did not live, and the *Longfellow* was his final word. Certainly a less exciting book than the *Melville*, it is in its own quiet way a notable achievement, demonstrating Arvin's versatility and the variety of his critical resources. If, unlike Van Wyck Brooks, he did not live to realize his potentialities, he had completed a body of work whose importance will, I hope and believe, be more and more widely recognized.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

Let the Would-Be Writer Beware

By DAVID DEMPSEY

THE AMBITION to write is a powerful one, and in its acute form it is incurable. As a career, however, writing is not usually very profitable. William Jackson Lord's *How Authors Make a Living* cites the average income (from writing) of members of the Authors League of America during the five-year period 1953-57 as $3,105 annually. The figure is probably higher today, although not much. Why, then, do so many thousands of persons pound at the doors of what must certainly be the poorest paid profession in the world?

An offhand answer is that the majority of would-be writers in this country have not read Mr. Lord's book. Perhaps, instead, they have read Larston Farrar's *How to Make $18,000 a Year Free Lance Writing*. We are acquainted with Mr. Farrar's book because we recently received a free copy as a bonus for joining something called The Writer's Institute. This is described by its sponsors, Hawthorn Books, which in turn is a division of Prentice-Hall, as a "selected and limited group of free lance writers." A little investigation by this department's truth squad indicates that membership is "limited" to anyone who is willing to cough up the $30 annual fee, payable in instalments. For this, subscribers get a bimonthly market letter called *What Editors Want*, and—this is what really hooked us—"a handsome Writer's Institute Membership Card, useful in identifying yourself as a professional writer."

Well, we have the membership card, signed by Mr. Franklyn Williams, president; we have the market newsletter, and we have Mr. Farrar's book. To be fair, the newsletter is an honest and generally successful attempt to present "in depth" studies of the editorial requirements of various American magazines, and the issues we have seen—each is limited to a discussion of two or three publications—are not likely to be faulted by any professional free lance. The trouble is that a writer conscientiously following the newsletter's advice would be lucky to make $8,000 a year, let alone $18,000. The anonymous authors of *What Editors Want* are realists.

Mr. Farrar makes it seem a lot easier. Among the items you need in your tool kit, he points out, are the following: 1. A modern typewriter, in good repair. 2. A few typewriter ribbons in reserve . . . Some type-cleanser fluid . . . an adequate supply of carbons. 3. A good dictionary, Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, *The Holy Bible* (King James), *The World Almanac*, and *A Treasury of Great Poems*.

"Incidentally," Mr. Farrar comments, "lots of would-be, or might-be writers, ask a lot of questions about the thickness and quality of the paper to be used. This will depend, in each case, on your own temperament, your financial resources, and other personal factors. I personally use a rag paper, rather thin which keeps down the postage fees . . ," etc., etc.

If all this seems a little unnecessary and you feel like making a complaint, don't call Mr. Williams. Fact is, he won't call you, either. There is no Franklyn Williams. This is a "ho[illegible] name, used in promoting the Institute and I must say that spelling Franklyn with a *y* was a stroke of genius.

WHEN the Famous Writers School of Westport, Conn., opened its doors in January 1961, it not only, like Mr. Farrar, recommended typewriters to its aspiring authors; it sold them, too. I am glad to report that the school is no longer in the typewriter business, and that all its energies are now devoted to teaching; but what impresses me most about the operation is that in barely two and one-half years it has enrolled 11,000 students who have contracted to pay $500 for the three-year course.

Of the present enrollment, 60 per cent are signed up for fiction writing—the subject that is not only hardest to learn, but for which there is the poorest market. Thirty per cent of the students study general nonfiction, and only 10 per cent take the specialized courses in advertising and business writing. Paradoxically, these last two categories offer the greatest opportunity for the man who wants to make $18,000 a year. Contrary to Mr. Farrar's assumptions, it would seem to be the creative rather than the monetary [illegible] that goads the would-be writer into signing up.

The school's instructional material, on a technical or craft level, is quite good, and there is no question that supervision of "homework" and manu-

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script correction is all that is claimed. [redacted]venty-five full-time instructors (with [redacted]ewriters) keep the place humming. The limitations of the system, of course, are those inherent in teaching by correspondence rather than personal consultation, plus the fact, too, that the students must do without the visible rewards (grades and diplomas) that make for self-discipline. For one reason or another, from 70 to 75 per cent of all enrollees drop out before they finish the course, and although it might be argued that there is some value in finding out that you can't write after all, the price of such a discovery is rather high at $500. At the same time, some of the school's pupils do make the grade and turn out salable work.

We now pass to a peculiarly American form of midsummer madness, the writers' conferences, which are erupting on college campuses all over the country. In a sense, these have taken the place of the old Chatauquas with their *al fresco* culture, although I am told that lemonade is no longer considered the appropriate stimulant for discussion. There are almost fifty conferences scheduled for the current season, but you have to look quick to catch some of them in action. A session [redacted] Boston College lasts one day, and [redacted]e longest is about three weeks.

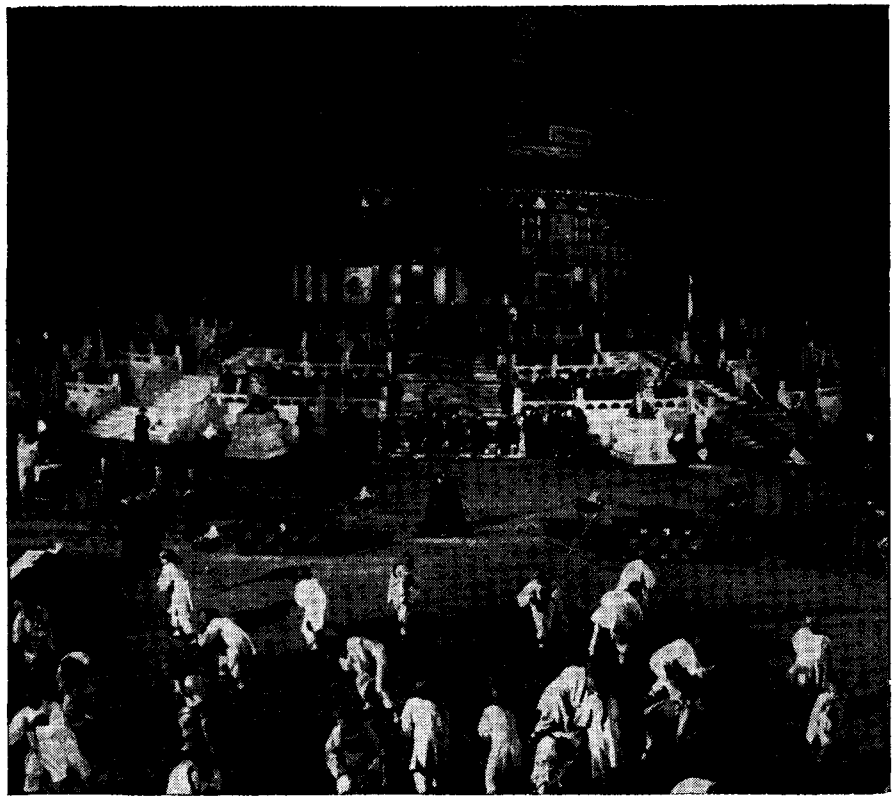
Which brings us to the question: Can writing be taught? William Faulkner, in one of his more quotable remarks, insisted that it couldn't. He added, however, that writing could be learned, and my own feeling about institutes, correspondence schools, and conferences is that a good learner will certainly benefit from intelligent criticism of his work. For the remainder—and they are a considerable majority—the rosy prospectuses only reinforce an unattainable fantasy, and, in the end, disappoint.

How valid this is can be seen in the admission of Famous Writers School that no more than 25 or 30 per cent of its students stay with the course. (In a sense, this may be a credit to the school, since it implies that fairly high standards are maintained.) A more revealing fact, however, is the average age of the student, which runs about forty. From what I have seen of summer writers' conferences, the figure is even higher. The literary teaching game is increasingly directed at the middle-aged and elderly, and one of [redacted]he sad facts of the situation is that in [redacted]iting there is so seldom a Grandma [redacted]oses to make the effort worthwhile.

P. S. Just the same, I am going to carry my Writer's Institute Membership Card in case I ever get into trouble with a Turkish policeman.

CATHAY UPDATED

Days Before the Door Slammed



—Replica of Temple of Heaven seen in Samuel Bronston's "55 Days at Peking."

"The Empress Dowager's relations with Western ladies might have been sacrificed."

China Only Yesterday: 1850-1950, *by Emily Hahn (Doubleday. 423 pp. $5.75), devotes nearly half its pages to the decades that "opened" an ancient land to modernity. T. A. Bisson is chairman of the Department of Intercultural Studies, at Western College for Women.*

By T. A. BISSON

IN INDIA complete British colonial rule could shift the country gradually onto the modern track. The rationale in China was very different. From 1840, successive blows hammered at an already weakening dynasty, yet the mandate of the new treaty system was: govern yourself and change while doing it. For an ancient, grooved China the demand was too harsh. Repeated national humiliations and constantly deferred measures adequate to growing domestic ills fostered endemic crisis. In our century the crisis widened and deepened, taking on new social revolutionary dimensions. The Communist seizure of power imposed an unwelcome unity of its own on this history of a century-long Chinese revolution.

The decades that "opened" China strike all the keynotes in a tragedy that developed with terrifying rapidity. To this overture *China Only Yesterday* devotes nearly half its pages; they are much the best part of the book, with space enough for a highlighting in vivid detail. They describe with unsparing objectivity China's mauling by the Western powers. They show the opium trade persisting on a growing scale after the 1842 treaty, though they fail to cover the remarkable series of events that ended imports from India in the closing years of Manchu rule. They give a detailed account of that striking symptom of malaise, the Taiping Rebellion. Yet these pages never clearly pose the supreme issue: that the one effective response to Western aggression was a

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revolutionary reconstruction of Chinese society—the challenge that a precocious Japanese leadership immediately sensed. Nor do they sufficiently explain the complexities of the Chinese context that inhibited radical departures, a scaffolding vitally needed to avoid lapsing into a picture of quaintly ineffectual officials struggling within the new milieu.

Later periods are handled in much more summary fashion. Emily Hahn's easy style carries the narrative well, but serious questions arise as to emphases and omissions. With the post-1903 Manchu reform movement pressing for attention, some of the pages on the Empress Dowager's relations with the Western ladies might have been sacrificed. Even more, the narrowly political emphasis leads to the bypassing of cultural forces that now become crucial, notably for the Chinese intellectuals. What is needed is some of the rich material in Joseph Levenson's studies, such as *Confucian China and Its Modern Fate*. As it is, the Chinese Renaissance, with its great literary, religious, political, and other influences, passes unnoticed. The newly explosive force of modern Chinese nationalism, stemming from the betrayal at Paris, emerged at the same time. This key phenomenon, so political in nature, is also overlooked, and throughout there is no reference to the student movement, in 1919 or later.

One looks, finally, for a larger summation than the last two chapters provide. They are episodic, much too brief and sketchy for the weight and significance of the events they carry. But beyond this they end on an inconsequential note. In this country's history above all—in the China of today that emerged from the China of yesterday—there is a relation of the parts. It would seem to call for some concluding statement by the author, some viewing in a wider perspective.

—*Wide World.*

George C. Marshall and Chiang Kai-shek: "love and hate depend on me."

The Making of Mao

America's Failure in China 1941-50, *by Tang Tsou (University of Chicago Press. 614 pp. $12.50), analyzes in detail the men and events that led to the U.S. decision to leave mainland China, and the subsequent Communist takeover. Frederick Nossal, who lived in China and Hong Kong from 1959 to 1962, wrote "Dateline Peking," which was published earlier this year.*

By FREDERICK NOSSAL

SINCE men are still far too weak and human for their own good, and in many regards tragically primitive, force must rule the world. And as a result men everywhere live in a climate of fear—fear of nuclear bombing, fear of hunger, fear of each other. Basically, it was this same fear that caused America's failure in China.

Rarely has a book been more aptly titled than Tang Tsou's, for throughout some 600 pages the author brilliantly dissects Washington's policies between 1941 and 1950, and recites the long series of American blunders that have led to the present tragic cleavage in relations between two great nations which not long ago were friends.

Mr. Tsou argues that had Washington been more forceful, and had the U.S. been prepared to use its great power to defend the cause of freedom in China, the course of history might have been different. One reason for U.S. weakness in China was Chiang Kai-shek. Although an ardent nationalist, Chiang had innumerable frailties that made him unfit to win the battle against the surging Communists. He put loyalty to himself above efficiency and integrity, and eventually was surrounded by men who were not national leaders but simply his personal cronies.

Chiang believed that he was invincible, and on February 27, 1944, wrote in his diary: "Given a prolonged period of time, and with power in one's grasp, international maneuvering can all be in one's hands. Joy and sorrow, love and hate all depend on me."

This scholarly book will appeal mainly to those with a love for China, and with an interest in why the nation fell to Communism. It is too long and intricate to be very readable. But it is history presented with great depth and fearless honesty.

Time and again, Mr. Tsou brings into glaring focus the abysmal ignorance of Americans—from Presidents Roosevelt and Truman down to foreign service officers reporting from China—about the nature of Communism in general, and about the boundless ambitions of the Chinese Communists under Mao Tse-tung in particular.

All the soldier-statesmen who played their part in America's failure in China are put under Mr. Tsou's exacting microscope. Their opinions, their speeches, their letters, their diaries, and their reports to Washington are analyzed and criticized.

It is apparent that the author, a Chinese-born American who is a political science professor at the University of Chicago, has an insatiable appetite for material concerning his native land; moreover, he must have read several hundred books and documents covering the vital decade from 1941 to 1950.

Although Mr. Tsou relies largely on factual evidence to paint the Chinese politico-military scene of the day, his judicious interpretation of events and various people's views makes it clear that he, at least, believes that history in China might have favored the West had Washington followed a wiser yet more militant diplomacy.

"Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, whose primary mission in China was to increase the combat efficiency of the Nationalist Army, wanted to re-equip and retrain a total of sixty Chinese divisions, and he might have been more successful in China but for his crude approach. The author shows that Stilwell simply could not get along with Chiang, whom he referred to as "The Peanut" in his diary.

Stilwell believed that Washington should have exerted much more pressure to force Chiang Kai-shek into line on any number of issues, and fundamentally the author agrees. But he says Stilwell's tactics were wrong.

Mr. Tsou reserves some of his strongest criticisms for Ambassador Patrick Hurley, who in 1944 told President Roosevelt that Chiang was open to persuasion but would not accept Stilwell's ill-conceived strategy. "If you

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sustain Stilwell in this controversy," warned Hurley, "you will lose Chiang Kai-shek and possibly you will lose China with him."

But the U.S. lost China anyway, and is still stuck with Chiang. Hurley, according to the author, committed numerous blunders as U.S. ambassador and President Roosevelt's personal representative in China.

The former helped to formulate U.S. policy toward China during a crucial stage of the tussle between the Nationalists and the Communists, in 1944 and '45. He had too much confidence in Chiang, and underestimated the political strength and popularity of the Chinese Communists. Hurley felt sure that Stalin would not give Mao Tse-tung his full backing, indicating he, too, knew little about Communism.

After Hurley resigned in November 1945, General Marshall was appointed to the post by President Truman. In retrospect it is apparent that Marshall followed what might be called a policy of despair. He was afraid that if Chiang were forced to go, nobody could replace him; that if China remained divided, the Soviet Union might conquer Manchuria; that too much interference in the quarrel between the Communists and Nationalists could lead to U.S. armed intervention in China.

Marshall's negative decision on armed intervention, comments Mr. Tsou (with deep sadness, one feels), "rested on the widely shared assumption that American interests in China were not worth a war." This same theme is repeated throughout the book. But the author admits that Marshall had little choice.

By the end of 1946, when Marshall abandoned his efforts to bring about a political settlement by reinforcing the smaller political parties, the U.S., with her world-wide responsibilities, had an army of only 1,319,483 men. Of these, but 12,000 soldiers and marines were stationed in China. In 1946, Americans wanted their boys to return home, rather than linger in distant parts. And, in the final analysis, according to Mr. Tsou, this was fundamentally the factor that caused America's failure in China.

Tang Tsou concludes his important, most thoughtful document on a note of warning to Americans. He says the historic friendship between the U.S. and China "has been consummated in reciprocal hostility. On the horizon looms an ever-present chance of war. One could hardly find a more sobering example of the tragic results produced by a policy of good intentions and high ideals which lacked the foundation of a correlative estimate of self-interest and which was not supported by military power equal to the noble tasks."

View from the Mainland

China on the Eve of Communist Takeover, *by A. Doak Barnett (Praeger. 371 pp. $6.95),* ***A Man Must Choose: The Dilemma of a Chinese Patriot,*** *by Eric Chou (Knopf. 302 pp. $5), and* ***Ta Ta, Tan Tan,*** *by Valentin Chu (Norton. 320 pp. $4.95), reveal through the eyes of an American scholar and two Chinese journalists developments under Mao. Robert A. Burton is with the East Asia Studies Program at the University of Kansas.*

By ROBERT A. BURTON

VAST amounts of scalding emotion, but little dispassionate study, have gone into examining the crucial period during which the Nationalist regime on the Chinese mainland crumbled and the Communists came to power. Happily, A. Doak Barnett was on the spot at the time. As a fellow of that quietly effective, altogether estimable organization the Institute of Current World Affairs, he traveled over much of China —by plane, train, river boat, mail truck, donkey cart, sedan chair, horseback, and on foot—exercising the while his instinct for the significant. The twenty-three reports on what he saw (collected in *China on the Eve of the Communist Takeover*) reveal his steel-trap scholarship and warm human insight. Not written with a book in mind, the reports skip about a good deal both as to subject and geography, yet they provide a great many valid impressions of what China was like in those years, as well as considerable information that is not, and probably never will be, available elsewhere.

The author starts by describing Shanghai in the fall of 1947, when inflation already had gone out of control and the Nationalist government was issuing currency at an estimated daily rate of forty million Chinese dollars. If the working class, whose wages were pegged to a high cost-of-living index, were experiencing unprecedented prosperity, salaried people, including government workers, suffered; the purchasing power of their fixed salaries dwindled by the day. A college professor made about as much as a successful rickshaw coolie. An insurance policy valued at a thousand U.S. dollars before the war was worth less than a tenth of an American penny.

About a year later, when Professor Barnett wrote his next report from Shanghai, new problems had arisen. A currency reform movement had failed; inflation had grown more

—*Sovfoto.*

Troops of the People's Liberation Army marching through the streets of Canton — "disparity between claims and accomplishments."

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destructive than ever; refugees clogged the city's welfare facilities, as did the unemployed; food stocks had fallen dangerously low. When their wages were frozen, the relative prosperity of workers had collapsed. Not unnaturally, there was general demoralization.

But it is not just the extraordinarily able chronicling of crucial developments in various parts of China at a critical time that makes these reports classics. The truly remarkable thing is the author's determined investigations into the human and political structures he found and the compact historical background he supplies.

When the civil war raged in North China and Manchuria, Professor Barnett visited a county in Szechwan province, in Western China, and examined its governmental architecture in detail. Starting with one peasant family, his report works its way up the ladder of institutions and power structures, demonstrating the complex factors that make up the functioning government and politics of the area. I don't think anything of comparable usefulness has ever been published. In somewhat the same way the author dissects the municipal government of Peiping (as Peking was then known).

Wherever Dr. Barnett went he interviewed the decision-makers along with people in all walks of life. In Chinghai province he spoke with the Panchen Lama, at the time "a lonely, eleven-year-old Tibetan boy" but today the ranking theocratic figure in Tibet. Few other observers have found time to study Sikang, which, abolished as a province by the Communists, is in the little-known border region of China and Tibet. The author's reports from Inner Mongolia, the provinces of Shansi, Sikang, and Sinkiang are all crammed with vital information.

Professor Barnett managed to get back to Peking in time to witness the Communists' siege of that magnificent city and the initial eight months or so of their rule. He also visited Taiwan in the early period of the Nationalist regime's exile, as well as other places not mentioned here. On all of them he wrote vivid, important reports.

It probably cannot be said too often that we really don't know very much about modern China. Because of this book by A. Doak Barnett, however, one can be considerably better informed than heretofore. To amplify it we have two works by Chinese writers, Eric Chou and Valentin Chu.

Mr. Chou's *A Man Must Choose* is the affecting memoir of a Chinese journalist who underwent more than four years of "thought reform" in China, most of the time in prison. He emerged from this ordeal, which has crippled the minds of others, outwardly "reformed" but inwardly seething with hatred for the Communists.

There was something almost tragically fated, one feels, about his experiences. A patriotic Chinese, he had viewed the Nationalist regime with mounting distaste as it deteriorated and, increasingly, had looked to the Communists to bring about in China the values of the West that had attracted him since his student days. During the Second World War Mr. Chou had worked for both British and American information services in China, and subsequently he joined the staff of China's leading independent newspaper. Shortly before the Communists came to power in 1949, he began working on his newspaper's Hong Kong edition. This newspaper, the *Ta Kung*

Pao, rapidly grew into an unofficial Communist organ, and Chou's writing changed correspondingly.

Induced to return to the mainland for what was supposed to be only a junket, he left his wife and children behind; but he had not been in China long when the Communists arrested him as a spy. In prison, where he was kept in solitary confinement, his only contact with people other than his jailers was with teams of inquisitors. Using threats, as well as persuasion, they relentlessly urged him to redeem himself by confessing his espionage activities and by castigating the decadence of his thinking. Rather quickly Chou decided that he would have to fabricate undercover operations if he were ever to be regarded as "reformed," and he did so in detail. But the checking and testing of his confessions, and the demands for yet more of them, occupied several hideous years, during which he never knew from day to day whether or not he would be shot. All that time he smoldered with determination to tell in a book what he had been through, and that resolution, he feels, helped to preserve his sanity.

Eventually, convinced of his reliability, the Communists sent him back to Hong Kong with instructions to cultivate Westerners, work on the *Ta Kung Pao*, as he formerly had done, and wait for further orders from Peking: he was to play the role of double agent whose true loyalty was to the Chinese Reds. Instead, as soon as he could do so, he fled to England.

Eric Chou has written a dramatic account of a searing experience that not many men could have endured and remained whole. Out of it came the conviction, agonizingly arrived at, that he could not be a patriotic Chinese and associate himself with the Communists. The fact that his contempt for the Nationalists remains undiminished partly explains the full title of his book, *A Man Must Choose: The Dilemma of a Chinese Patriot*.

In *Ta Ta, Tan Tan* (meaning in Chinese "fight fight, talk talk," a characterization of Chinese Communist tactics) Valentin Chu offers a highly readable analysis of developments in Red China. Mr. Chu is an American writer now, but he has drawn heavily on his Chinese background in interpreting the mass of data he examined.

On the whole, he finds great disparity between Chinese Communist claims and accomplishments, the former invariably being more substantial than the latter. Drawing upon material published by the Communists and other sources, information from contacts he has had in Hong Kong, and on his own knowledge of China, he reveals ludicrous hypocrisy in innumerable Peking reports. Peking's statistics, he asserts, tend to be mad; its economic policies have produced a debacle; its reckless experiments in social reorganization have been disastrous and its treatment of intellectuals barbarous.

Interwoven with many of the author's findings are his interpretations of developments, from a Chinese viewpoint. Some of this material is wonderfully enlightening and, systematically handled, might have made a fine book in itself. However, unless one accepts the notion that Mr. Chu speaks for "the Chinese," as Mao Tse-tung claims to speak for "the people," a good deal of it is simply irritating nonsense. As many diverse opinions exist among Chinese as among us, although one might not realize it by reading *Ta Ta, Tan Tan*.

In any event, the author feels strongly that the United States must give all possible assistance to Taiwan, and that it is folly to block Nationalist military action against the mainland. Nationalist landings of one sort or another, he suggests, might well touch off a "spontaneous combustion" that would overthrow the Reds. Indeed, Mr. Chu's concluding chapter, 'Whither China," asserts that the Chinese Communist regime will fall, and probably soon.

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FICTION

Withdrawal of the Bank Employee

A Life, by Italo Svevo, translated from the Italian by Archibald Colquhoun (Knopf. 398 pp. $4.95), the first novel by the forerunner of the psychological school in Italy, contains all the elements of the author's genius. Marc Slonim's critical scope covers the body of both Italian and Russian literature.

By MARC SLONIM

ETTORE SCHMITZ, who wrote under the pen name of Italo Svevo, had one of the most curious destinies in twentieth-century Italian literature. Born in 1861 of Italo-Austrian parents, he spent his life in Trieste, which then belonged to the Hapsburg Empire. After studies in a German commercial school, he was employed in a bank, and finally became a manufacturer. In his leisure time he changed into Italo Svevo, the author of short and long stories. At the age of thirty-one, in 1892, he published at his own expense *Una Vita (A Life)*, the first of his three major works. His second novel, *Senilità (As a Man Grows Older)*, appeared six years later. Since neither book attracted readers or excited the critics, Ettore Schmitz felt that as a businessman he was much more successful than Italo Svevo was as a writer and he suspended his literary activities.

In the first years of the new century (between 1906 and 1914) he took English lessons from a young teacher at the Berlitz School, a writer who at that time could hardly boast of good fortune in letters—James Joyce. When Joyce read Svevo's works he was so impressed that he begged the Triestine manufacturer not to abandon his artistic efforts, and under Joyce's influence Svevo resumed writing, finishing several stories and a play. However, he did not compose *Coscienza di Zeno (Confessions of Zeno)*, perhaps his highest literary achievement, until 1923. By that time Joyce, established in Paris, spoke of his friend Svevo to the novelist Valéry Larbaud and to Benjamin Crémieux, an influential critic of the period. Crémieux read Svevo, became enthusiastic, and announced that he had made "a discovery." His Italian colleagues were so stirred by the Frenchman's praise that they talked of "Svevo's case." In 1926, when Svevo was sixty-five, he was suddenly acclaimed as a great novelist. Fame came to him via Paris, but he also enjoyed recognition in his own country, and it brightened the last two years of his life. He was killed in 1928 in an automobile accident.

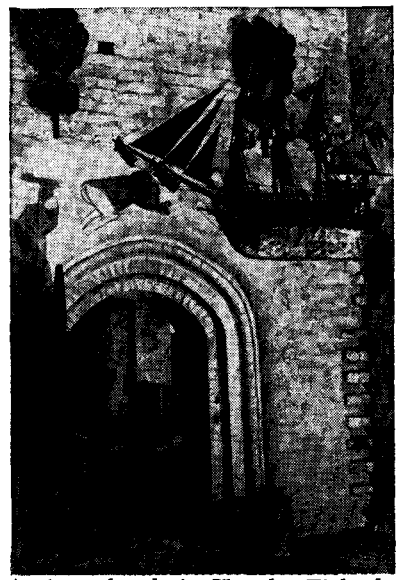
After his death, essays and books on Svevo became legion. Often compared to Proust, defined as a predecessor of modern Italian letters, he occupied posthumously a place next to Verga, d'Annunzio, and Pirandello. It is now quite clear that he was the forerunner of the psychological school in Italy and that many contemporary novelists, including Moravia and Gadda, should recognize him as their literary godfather. Svevo started seventy years ago to investigate in his fiction the complexity of the individual conscience and of man's unconscious drives. It is amazing to what extent this novelist of the 1890s applied to his protagonists the methods of Freud, and how far he went in the clinical observation of psycho-pathological deviations.

The technique of Svevo also strikes us as very close to the modern. An enemy of eloquence, he assumed an "anti-literature" attitude; formed in the tradition of naturalism, attentive reader of Zola and later of Dostoevsky, he devised a narrative based on the study of details. It seems bare and dry at first glance; its virtue, however, lies in its deep insight into "states of mind," in the keen analysis of thoughts and feelings, in the combination of objectivity and irony. His work is certainly autobiographical, and many episodes in his rather static novels have the ring of absolute authenticity. His usual hero is an "anti-hero," a man who is more interested in observing his own life than in the real process of living; he scrutinizes his emotions with detachment and at the same time with obsessive insistence.

Some critics believe that since

"Skadi's Meadow": *Scandinavia,* edited by Martin Hürlimann (Viking, $12.50), portrays a land of contrasts, where an ancient culture survives side by side with a progressive economy and the most modern developments in architecture and art. Aloof from the European mainstream and each proudly independent, these Northern countries yet might serve as a model for cooperation among nations, as Count Oxenstierna notes in his accompanying text.

The island of Fano off Jutland.



Ancient church in Hattula, Finland.

The open-air museum of Arhus in Denmark.

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Svevo's art of the "interior monologue" reached its fullest expression in *Confessions of Zeno* one can speak of two "periods" in the development of the writer. But an examination of his first work, now available to English-speaking readers in an excellent version by Archibald Colquhoun, who renders all the subtlety and humor of Svevo's style, makes it clear that such a division is artificial. In fact, *A Life* contains all the elements of Svevo's artistic originality.

Alfonso, its protagonist, is the prototype of all the novelist's heroes. A young man employed in a bank, and dreaming of writing, he cannot escape from the prison of his self; the oddity of his personality impedes his communication with other people. He is in love with the daughter of his boss and tries to seduce her, but as soon as she gives herself to him, his feelings get confused. He pushes her away and lets her go—although he cannot stand the solitude to which he is condemned by her desertion, and prefers suicide to the drabness of a senseless existence. Slow-moving, at times too long-winded, the novel can be summarized as the story of a failure. It can also be called the story of a rift between dream and reality, or the portrait of a young man who could have become an artist but missed every opportunity to do so because he spent all his strength and cunning fighting small obstacles and achieving little victories without ever facing the main problem of his incapacity to live and to create. What Svevo said in his first novel about boredom, futility, and absurdity endeared him half a century later to European existentialists.

A Life offers a combination of many different literary assets: it depicts in a strictly realistic manner the shabby surroundings of a middle-class family and the dull routine of a banking institution; it has brilliant pictorial visions of the sea, of Trieste, and of the countryside; and it contains a most penetrating exploration of the tortuous turns our mind and senses take under unfavorable circumstances.

Unlike the majority of Italian novels of the same epoch, *A Life* does not suffer from provincialism, exaggerated "local color," and folkloristic reminiscences. It has a universality and humanity befitting the man of wide European culture that was Svevo. Perhaps that is the reason why seventy years after its publication this novel is still more than a historical document or a rare item for admirers of Svevo; it stands in its own right as an absorbing psychological work of fiction that has remained through the decades remarkably fresh and modern.

Secret of Survival

***The Coin of Carthage**, by Bryher (Harcourt, Brace & World. 240 pp. $4.50), portrays some victims of Rome's defeat in the Second Punic War. Books by the prolific Robert Payne include several dealing with the Greek and Roman past.*

By ROBERT PAYNE

ALL OF Bryher's books tend to be elegiac, and *The Coin of Carthage* is no exception. Her elegies are composed without fuss, with a casual elegance that is a proper ornament for vanished splendors. No trumpets blare, and there is no loud tattoo of drums. She goes about the business of reviving the past with the calm of a woman setting out to market on a summer's day, though the market she reaches perished more than twenty centuries ago. Then very calmly she tells us what she has seen.

This time the market is somewhere in Southern Italy at the time of the Second Punic War. Hannibal has brought his elephants over the Alps and is ravaging the land. One day Zonas, a poor Greek peddler of bridles, caught between the lines, is forced to watch the parade of the Carthaginian army, for all conquerors like to be admired by the people they have conquered. While the villagers are cheering mechanically at the orders of a Carthaginian guard, Zonas's donkey suddenly breaks through the lines and darts in front of Hannibal's emblazoned elephant, followed by Zonas waving his mule stick. Hannibal is amused. He is not in the least annoyed by this diversion in the magnificent order of his procession, and he tosses the peddler a silver *stater* bearing his own portrait.

A few days later Zonas finds a young Roman officer wounded in the hills, tends him, and takes him to his home, a large villa dominated by the matronly Sybilla. She shares with Zonas a dedication to the pursuit of happiness through wealth; so Zonas stays on in the villa, content for the moment to live a sheltered life among the slaves, though sometimes he rouses himself sufficiently to take an interest in the affairs of the young officer or in Verna, the half-Gallic slave-girl who dreams of being free as the winds. Winter comes,

—*Islay Lyons,Capri.*

Bryher—happiest with the humble.

and then the world is safe from enemies. Eventually Zonas will go to Rome and set up his bridle shop in the Forum, and give his coin away for safe-keeping, being strong enough to part with it; for he is one of those who survive—not because he is any better or worse than the rest, but because he has the gift of survival. He is rough-hewn, and he would survive anywhere, in any age, even our own.

Elegies are notoriously uneven—one thinks of *Lycidas* with its startling riches and even more startling dross—and so it is with *The Coin of Carthage*. Sometimes Bryher sees the past clearly, but there are occasions when she is compelled to describe things she has only half-seen. All the scenes in the winter villa come to life; Zonas tending the wounded officer rings true; Verna and Sybilla leap across the page; the worried slaves have the proper smell of slavery. But Karus, the officer, has no sooner got on his feet than he surprises us with his falsity.

Bryher is happiest when she speaks about the humble, the wanderers, the people touched by the common earth, with their rough kindnesses and dangerous courtesies. She knows what they think about the lords of creation: "O Hermes strike them! What pity, what pity is there ever for the vanquished?" She knows what they dream about: "A captain told me that if I sailed south with him on his next voyage, we should come to a country where

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ere is no grass and the ground is like skin of an animal, powdered with ld." She knows their dreams, their hates, their happy slovenliness, and their exaltations; and because she knows these things so well, her work gives an impression of moral beauty.

City Squares and Yankee Clippers: Henry Beetle Hough is a died-in-the-wool Martha's Vineyard man out of New Bedford by way of Columbia, Yale, and the winner's circle when they gave out the Pulitzer Prizes back in 1918. Who has not heard about the nice balance of sophistication and homespun featured in the *Vineyard Gazette*, co-edited and published by Hough and his wife? What reader does not recognize a few samples from his long list of books, the titles appearing about every two years on subjects that interested him most at the time? To name a few: Thoreau, the whaling tradition, the problems of a country editor, the sea-haunted moods of the Cape region—and the conflicts that arise when a city man attempts to inflict progress upon benighted natives, who (generally speaking) have been ound the track before and think er thoughts than their short sen- ces indicate.

In *The Port* (Atheneum, $4.50) we encounter the last theme, but it's a fair question whether the characters herein displayed will win many friends on either side of the fence. What's right about the novel is the author's clear love of coastal villages, his appreciative ear for clipped Downeaster small talk, his general disapproval of disruptive urban ways. What's wrong are the contrived motivations and portentous banalities of the story itself.

Whit Fifield, the narrator, is a Baddow Port man who has done his time in New York communications and is now a thankful, Thoreauvian escapee who spends his time fishing and watching summer visitors get their comeuppance from neighboring Yankee clippers. Solon Ridgeley, a close-mouthed member of the home team, has become rich by not paying his way. Says the narrator admiringly: "It seemed to me that Solon was probably correct in believing that frugality of the right sort could be far more enjoyable than extravagance, and I did not wonder that he seemed to smile to himself as he relished the good things that had cost him practically nothing, or would cost him practically nothing in the long run. He had turned the principle of conspicuous consumption inside out and got the better of it."

Needless to say, Ridgeley turns out to be more than a match for summer visitor Pete Pickering, who comes down from New York with his quaintly wanton wife, Clare, and decides to acquire the necessary options and permissions to turn Barrow Port into a high-class vacation resort. When the chips are down, Madison Avenue progress proves no match for hidden historic real estate liens, riparian rights, and vestigial Indian claims. Not even the narrator's recurrent, nonaggressive affair with Mrs. Pickering or his mild irritation at Ridgeley's buncombemanship (New England division) can switch his sympathetic allegiance from those who want to keep things as they were. He even supplies a rationale for himself: "The more there is in the world, the more there is to miss. It's a strain to keep up."

At the convoluted climax, Ridgeley has obfuscated all issues more effectively than a Nantucket mist, and pristinity is served—even though by this time one may have joined emotional forces with the repentant Pickering and his aggressive associate, who have run aground on the sharp edges of wiles and guiles that would have seemed less cute on a carnival midway, where the "marks" don't ask for it quite so openly.

The Port, unfortunately, depends upon the cliché of Downeast invincibility when confronted by modern ways, with no new dimensions added except for the author's sensible appreciation of the rock-ribbed beauty of his native habitat and his respect for the basic, if sometimes hidden, human qualities of the reticent people who share his sea and village. Altogether, an undemanding, loosely-woven garland of footnotes for coastal New Englanders and assorted *simpáticos* who will delight in the moments of recognition supplied by an eminently qualified spokesman. —JAMES KELLY.

Painter in Ink: "Drawing was not easy for Manet," writes Pierre Courthion in *Edouard Manet* (Abrams, $15). "His good drawings are those in which the contour is replaced by patches and line is absorbed into its surroundings." The book's 131 reproductions, 48 in color, illustrate the artist's work in both genres.

"Bistro" (about 1877).

"La Toilette" (1862).

"Le Rendez-vous des chats" (1869).

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Man of a Million Words

Francis Bacon: The Temper of a Man, *by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 245 pp. $6),* ***and Francis Bacon and the Modern Dilemma,*** *by Loren Eiseley (University of Nebraska Press. 98 pp. $3), review the achievements of a man who has been variously regarded as a Renaissance genius and an unscrupulous careerist. Professor J. Max Patrick is now editing selections from Bacon's work.*

By J. MAX PATRICK

BACON's variety is almost as infinite as Cleopatra's. Books on him, particularly those inspired by the celebration in 1961 of the 400th anniversary of his birth, reflect different aspects of his complexity. They variously portray him as a Renaissance genius or as the supreme English exemplar of the Baroque type, as a benefactor of humanity or as the egotist who, in Pope's phrase, was "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

The tendencies are either to overpraise Bacon as philosopher, scientist, statesman, and lawyer, or to damn him as the unscrupulous careerist and materialist who betrayed his friends, his honor, and his own talents, and who fell ignominiously, leaving behind a façade of unachieved scientific experiments, a philosophy that is dismissed in a few pages in most histories of ideas, and a few works that merit recognition as literature.

Loren Eiseley takes the first path. From the more than a million words that Bacon dictated he culls the brilliant insights, remarkable prophecies, and profound observations, and dismisses the rest as insignificant. By overemphasizing the positive, he distorts the totality: for example, he isolates a vague acknowledgment by Bacon that mathematics are important, but ignores the fact that Bacon was blind to the real nature of the mathematical approach to physics that led to the discoveries of Newton and Einstein. Eiseley's main concern is the inspirational. His message is the familiar doctrine of Samuel Butler and Aldous Huxley: that we must control machines and science and not let them master us. Bacon forecast that problem and its solution: faith in the individual as a "unique creature beyond the statistic," faith in human ability to transcend nature. Men must be educated for mastery, not servitude. Eiseley develops this theme in purple prose worthy of a commencement address.

Catherine Drinker Bowen is more judicious. She resolves the problems of Bacon's character and career by treating him as a paradox. The result is an intimate introduction to his personality and temper. It is less brilliant than her profound treatment of Bacon's rival, Coke, in her prize-winning *The Lion and the Throne,* but it is deservedly a book-club selection.

Miss Bowen is unfair to "modern scholars" when, basing her remarks on one unpublished dissertation, she accuses them of blindness to the persuasive quality of Bacon's philosophical writings. The gimmick of disparaging "the academic mind" in order to claim originality ought to be beneath an author of her stature.

On the other hand, while she frankly admits that in the book on Coke she was one-sided in using the words "crafty," "restless," and "ambitious" to describe Bacon, she rightly refuses to retract them. Indeed, she adds other flaws: pretentiousness, "ductility," and the revealing hint of the reptilian in his eyes. Nor does she refrain from discussing the possibility that he was homosexual. But she balances his frailties with his merits, and condones the flaws as weaknesses of the times rather than of the man.

Bacon's career, like Cleopatra's, deserves glittering, spectacular, panoramic treatment. He moved in pageant, and spanned the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods like a colossus. Eiseley tries to capture his genius by magniloquence. Miss Bowen, with surer touch, dramatizes the enigma of his dynamism and evokes his cosmic quality within the "little room" of a tragedy in five acts. Or perhaps it was a tragicomedy. For, after his fall, Bacon's checkered career culminated in the *nobile quinquennium,* his "noble five years" of supreme achievement.

The Need to Be in 3-D

Proust's Binoculars: A Sudy of Memory, Time and Recognition, *by Roger Shattuck (Random House. 153 pp. $3.95), sees "Remembrance of Things Past" as a "stereoscopic re-creation of the world in depth." Germaine Brée is a member of the Institute for Research in the Humanities, University of Wisconsin.*

By GERMAINE BREE

BINOCULAR vision, Roger Shattuck reminds us, is the built-in mechanism whereby the eye perceives depth in space. *Remembrance of Things Past* is the infinitely complex instrument devised by Proust to permit us to orient ourselves in Time. In Proust's view, one of our main deficiencies in the understanding of our human experience is our flat, "one-eye" optics in Time.

Perhaps because he is himself a sensitive writer and poet, besides being a most reliable reader and scholar, Mr. Shattuck begins his essays with a rapid incursion into the nature of the innumerable Proustian images referring to optical instruments. All readers of Proust remember the magic lantern, the kaleidoscope that so enchanted the Combray child. Later comes the stereoscope and the photographic imagery. Optics, Mr. Shattuck reminds us, had a dominant role in the scientific advances of the period; and he shows that Proust, brought up in a family with strongly scientific interests, used the imagery drawn from optics with accuracy but as a metaphor, illuminating his own esthetic purpose.

That Proust's book is a "tale of quest and long-delayed discovery" is a well-known truism; but no one has so incisively shown that it is also an explanation of the many ways in which we behold the world, of the many media through which we look at it, and which bring "changes in perspective and point of view." The long first part of the narrator's quest is a protracted experiencing and casting off of confused or distorted modes of vision: Swann's love for Odette is described by Proust in terms of an optical illusion; just as, refracted through Marcel's boyhood imagination, the Swanns and Guermantes loom large and become out-size figures. The real underlying pattern of

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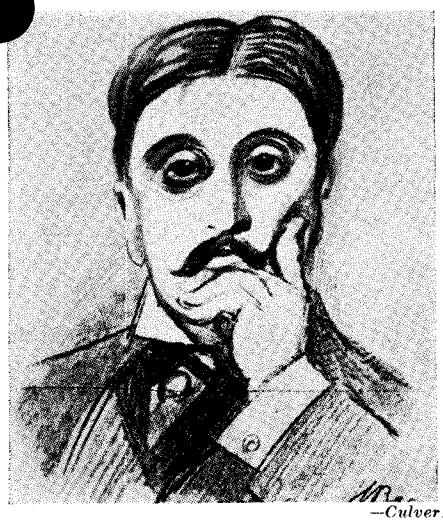

—Culver

Marcel Proust—a "world in depth."

the book is the slow emergence of a new, individual form of awareness and self-knowledge as "the magic lantern which transforms Marcel's room in the opening pages metamorphoses at the end into the stereoscopic vision of a man standing erect in life and thus commanding Time."

Mr. Shattuck's sensitive and vigorous essay is free from the pseudo-symbolic interpretations that mar so much analysis based on a study of a writer's use of imagery. It leads him to raise some essential problems, connected both with the structure of the novel and its significance. He concludes succinctly: "Truth and reality in Proust have no objective, verifiable existence. They are the esthetic creations of our intuitions, of our minds, fixed in a work of art. Therefore it is by an act of creation that truth emerges from deception and illusion," so that the act of creation that every individual life should rightly be is essentially first an act of self-recognition, possible only if we can perceive in time "the pattern and relief" of our existence. *Remembrance of Things Past* is in itself a "stereoscopic re-creation of the world in depth" that required a massive presentation of a "life-sized scale of events."

Along the way Mr. Shattuck considers other factors, including Proust's basic relevancy to us "as human beings faced with the appalling responsibility of living our lives"; his emphasis on our "creating our own deliverance from time in the inwardness of life at every moment," revealing "his kinship to oriental art"; the particular quality of his novel in contrast with others in some ways comparable: *Ulysses*, *War and Peace*, and *The Arabian Nights*.

No Expectations for the Great

Dickens and Kafka: A Mutual Interpretation, *by Mark Spilka (Indiana University Press. 315 pp. $6.95), finds a common artistic perspective in two outwardly disparate novelists. Joseph P. Bauke is an editor of Germanic Review.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

DICKENS and Kafka are surely a most incongruous pair, and a comparative study of the two writers is a bold undertaking. If Kafka has become a household word of the twentieth century and a literary symbol for the predicament of man in our time, Dickens is equally representative of his age and unparalleled as a chronicler of the social injustices in Victorian England. But time, and Dickens's frequent sentimentality, have taken the edge off much of his fiction, and a London poorhouse seems a cozy place compared with a Kafkan penal colony. We are more at home in the endless corridors of the *Burrow* than in Fagin's den, and Scrooge is a merry old gentleman beside the faceless henchmen of Kafka's authoritarian courts.

Professor Spilka is aware of the differences between the Englishman, who lived to become one of the most adulated writers of his century, and the German-speaking Jew in a Czech city, whose exile began at birth. Kafka epitomizes the loneliness and the alienation of modern man. Even his belated fame is accidental, for he himself ordered his writings burnt. But, though the two writers' fortunes in life were so unlike, there are many similarities in their formative years and in their basic attitude to the world. Both loathed the commercialism of their contemporaries, and regarded the urban scene as a heartless and baffling place from which they sought refuge in their art.

Biographical resemblances, however, are of minor importance in this study. Professor Spilka focuses his attention on the direct influence Dickens had on Kafka and suggests that it was more decisive than has been recognized. As with all study of influences, proof is not easy to come by, and the analysis has a tentative and sometimes speculative flavor. What the two novelists definitely have in common, Spilka claims, is a point of view, an artistic perspective that enables them to regard the absurdities and the terrors of life as a grotesque comedy. Through the fruitful device of mutual interpretation new light falls on Dickens, and some of his novels, notably *Bleak House*, assume a startling modernity. Mr. Spilka's findings indicate once again Dickens's relevance today.

Kafka, this interpretation makes clear, was more concerned with social realities than is generally assumed, but what Mr. Spilka has to say on this point falls short of Heinz Politzer's insights in his brilliant new book, *Franz Kafka: Parable and Paradox.* The present study, however, develops the analogies between *David Copperfield* and *Amerika* more fully than any other, and thus rescues Kafka's fragmentary novel from those who would give it a narrowly religious interpretation. Kafka's later novels, on the other hand, with their pronounced religious symbolism, do not gain in clarity by references to Dickens. To this day no one has succeeded in explaining Kafka's hermetic universe in other than its own terms, though borrowings and dependencies have been established. It is to Mr. Spilka's credit that he does not try to force yet another interpretation by reading Dickens into them.

—Bettmann Archive.

Franz Kafka—a "hermetic universe."

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Sacrifices to a Skilled Scorn

Swift and the Satirist's Art, *by Edward W. Rosenheim, Jr. (University of Chicago Press. 243 pp. $5.95), and* ***Swift's Polite Conversation,*** *annotated by Eric Partridge (Oxford University Press. 182 pp. $4.50), expose some specific targets of the sharp-tongued Dean's attacks. Edgar Johnson, chairman of the English Department at the College of the City of New York, edited "A Treasury of Satire."*

By EDGAR JOHNSON

SATIRE, according to Edward W. Rosenheim's analysis, never attacks generalized or universal follies or evils, only "discernible, historically authentic particulars"—individuals, groups, institutions, customs, beliefs, or ideas having a concrete identity describable by the historian. Thus it is not agile and crawling politicians that Swift derides through Flimnap in *Gulliver's Travels,* but specifically Sir Robert Walpole; not hypocrisy—not even religious hypocrisy—that Molière assails in *Tartuffe,* but the *faux pieux* of seventeenth-century France; not the vices of women that inflame the savage indignation of Juvenal's *Sixth Satire,* but the deceits and lewdness of the women of second-century Rome.

In the course of time, some of the satirist's victims may fade into oblivion and cease to be concretely identifiable. When this happens, Professor Rosenheim contends, the specifically satiric content of the satirist's work likewise loses its color. If it still fascinates readers, the brilliance they continue to find may be comic, didactic, or philosophic; it will no longer be satiric.

"This insistence upon the particularity of the satiric object," he rightly predicts, is likely to "prove the most controversial" of all his assertions about satire. For it not merely contradicts the statements of countless satrists; it rubs counter to the felt experience of innumerable readers. The disclaimers of the satirists themselves, to be sure, he is able, and often with truth, to discount as unreliable. When they protest they had no particular individual or institution in mind, only a general turpitude, this may be merely an endeavor to cheat resentment with an innocent exclamation of "Who, me?" and disarm resentment by a lusty lie.

Further, it is hardly possible, of course, for the assault on folly and evil to be devoid of all particular content, though that content may often be of a kind that is universally recurrent. But such attack, even if angry or contemptuous, may be abstract rather than personal; only in hell do they love the sin and hate the sinner. The hilarious fury of Voltaire and the bitterness of Swift may well, as they themselves claim, be directed even more violently against the general evil than against its particular embodiment. There is consequently something almost perverse in insisting that satire arises only when the particular has emotional priority.

Professor Rosenheim's contention surely flies also in the face of responses that almost all readers have known. How many who never even heard of Sir Robert Walpole but have known political trimmers fail to understand the symbolism of Flimnap dancing the tightrope and crawling in the dust—not just philosophically but derisively—and yet recognize satire? Who needs to know anything of Molière's France to feel hostile laughter when Tartuffe slides pious eyes heavenward and unctuously prays for his revilers? How much background must we have in seventeenth-century English theological controversy to get the point of Butler's

> What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
> About two hundred pounds a year.
> And that which was proved true before
> Proved false again? Two hundred more.

It is true that a knowledge of the historical fact may in each case add a sharpened relish to our amusement or antagonism as we realize the individual appropriateness of some stinging detail; but general recognition is all that we require to experience the essential impact of satire.

Within the framework of his distorted theory, however, Professor Rosenheim's deep and extensive knowledge of the Augustan Age enables him to enrich our awareness of the lethal skill with which Swift carves up his personal victims. Those lesser but still tremendous monuments of his satiric powers, *An Argument Against Abolishing Christianity, The Battle of the Books, A Tale of a Tub,* and *A Modest Proposal,* all shoot out lightnings of more coruscating wit when we understand the assaults on Sir Roger L'Estrange, Richard Bentley, sectarian enthusiasts, arrogant pedants, and Walpole's government with which Swift interlards his pretended defense of "nominal Christianity," his championship of the Ancients against the Moderns, his brilliant allegory of the corruptions in religion and learning, and his ironic attack on English rulers and Irish landlords.

Professor Rosenheim's illuminating analysis of *Gulliver* owes little to his theory of satire, and in part, indeed, seems tacitly to contradict it. For example, Gulliver's rejection of Pedro de Mendez, he points out, is logically essential to Swift's satiric design: "The supreme test" of Gulliver's "new and agonizing condition can lie only in his exposure to the best of men," and his "rejection of the benevolent Portuguese . . . makes uniquely clear the depth and permanence of Gulliver's aversion to all mankind." The Houyhnhnms, those much debated and rather grotesque creatures in whom Gulliver finds the ideal of all virtue and wisdom, are not designed to make us share his extravagant estimate, but to suggest "that a horse—*even* a horse—could, if endowed with that genuine reason on which man falsely prides himself, achieve a serene, benign, and cleanly prosperity which is the opposite, in every important respect, to the present state of civilized man."

"THE final terrifying disclosure of man's bestiality, irrationality, and pride," Professor Rosenheim concludes, "supplies a fundamental charge which can be leveled against the specific objects of Swift's satire"; but at the same time the truths Gulliver learns "are concerned not with the particulars under satiric assault, but with 'that animal called man.' . . . Raised to a plane of *timeless* and *universal* application, Swift's performance remains largely that of the satire which may be called homiletic. . . ."

Eric Partridge has re-edited *Swift's Polite Conversation,* that mordant condensation of a thousand clichés which brilliantly exposes the banalities of social chitchat. With it he has supplied explanatory and historical notes, indicating when each expression came into popular usage and when those now obsolete went out of fashion. Though these notes are useful and sometimes sprightly, I wish they had been printed as footnotes, not interlineated in the text; it is distracting to be called away from the dialogue to elucidations you do not always need but find your eye unable to avoid.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Giulini's *Falstaff*, and Other Dutch Treats

THE HAGUE.

A VERDI anniversary must, inevitably, come every fifty years or so, to celebrate his birth and mourn his death, but a year in which a traveler may hear three *Falstaffs* by as many conductors may come but once in a millennium. Thanks to the enterprise of the Holland Festival, The Hague had the first of them with the introduction here of a production conducted by Carlo Maria Giulini and staged after, if not by, Franco Zeffirelli. By the time these words are in print, RCA Victor should have on tape the recording Georg Solti is doing in Rome, and in the not very distant future Leonard Bernstein will begin to put together the performance in which he will make his debut as a conductor at the Metropolitan Opera.

For those fortunate enough to share the enthusiasm of an audience in The Hague's old but uncomfortable Gebouw voor Kunsten en Wetenschappen (Hall for Arts and Sciences), Giulini's *Falstaff* was a triumphant reawakening of a score which is heard neither so often nor so capably as it merits. Nothing much created in the Nineties retains its sparkle so well today; even the champagne of *Falstaff*'s vintage year of '93 may well have gone flat. But with the verve and lightnes of Giulini's bred-in-the-bone leadership providing an infusion of his own *elisir d'amore* for the solidly able players of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in the pit, the mirth and laughter as well as the warming emotion of this amazing work of an amazing old man rang out in splendor from first to last.

It is perhaps a key to how amazing a work this is that the last of it was actually the first. That is, as a letter from the composer to his librettist Boito (published in Frank Walker's recent *The Man Verdi*) makes clear, Verdi in his late seventies was so expert a craftsman that he could write the famous final fugue ("Tutto nel mondo é burla" —"All the world is a farce") before anything else, and thus shape all the rest of it to an end already in being. This, certainly, is the most relaxed mode of composition imaginable, and *Falstaff* has, from start to finish, an air of ease and elegance, suavity and balance, matched, perhaps, only by Mozart or Wagner in *Die Meistersinger*.

This is not to say, however, that its pace is leisurely. The darting lightness and sly humors of which it is made rarely wait for answering laughter before moving on: Verdi at seventy-nine had, after all, little time to waste. It is the merit of the most expert administrators of Verdi's will—in recent years Toscanini and Reiner—to measure every winged moment for the meaning it contains, whether Falstaff's "Quand'ero paggio," Ford's "E sogno," or Fenton's "Dal labbro il canto," take it in flight and go on. Giulini clearly is of the same mind, and the mind is Verdi's.

This was, indeed, a performance of *Falstaff* in which the protagonist was in the pit rather than on the stage. Fernando Corena is as yet lacking in the subtlety or intellectual command—if not so much the voice—to compose a satisfactory Fat Knight. It is, initially, his misfortune to conceive Sir John as a comic figure when he is, of course, a pathetic one. The faded roué who fancies himself a lady-killer still is one of the world's most recurrent, undying fantasies, and it is the miracle of Verdi's genius that, as one old man to another, he could see the folly for what it was. Very little if any of this permeates Corena's conception: his "vecchio John" is hardly a "hogshead" of a figure rolling off to what may be his last assignation. He is, rather, a limber, barely rotund Don Juan whose reward comes from the number of laughs he registers rather than the merit of his characterization. Some years hence Corena may find his way to such an achievement, but it is far beyond him now.

Well, the worse luck, Corena! Everything else was so responsive to Giulini's drive and spirit that Falstaff suffered his fate alone. It would be hard to find a finer Nanetta than the brilliantly gifted Mirella Freni, while Fedora Barbieri has reached the point in her playing of Dame Quickly (all unction and contempt) when she can be regarded as the logical successor to the comic crown of Cloë Elmo and Giulietta Simionato. Ilva Ligabue could sing a very good Alicia if she could lighten a production better suited to Tosca, and if Fernanda Cadoni as Meg was not quite in the class of her associates, she did the ensemble no harm. Luigi Alva was charming to hear as Fenton, Renato Capecchi was a properly irate Ford, and the characterizations of Florindo Andreolli (Bardolfo) and Enrico Campi (Pitola) showed an authority exceeding that of the man they served.

The production, borrowed from the Teatro Massimo of Palermo, served Zeffirelli not merely at second hand, but *in absentia*. Where he was, or what he was doing, was apparently unknown to the Festival management. Deputizing for him was a young *régisseur* named Filippo Crivelli who may or may not have represented Zeffirelli faithfully, but did reasonably well by Verdi. Physically the décor embodies a double-decked frame in an inverted U-shape. It made a rakishly atmospheric surrounding for the Garter Inn, but did not do so well as a unit construction for Ford's home. There were lingering touches, in the hangings and costuming, of the rich sense of antiquity recalled from Zeffirelli's staging of *Romeo* for the Old Vic company, all of them promising for the Metropolitan enterprise in which, it is to be hoped, he will be at hand early and late. However it may be stated categorically that whenever there is a *Falstaff a là* Giulini (which is a guarantee that it will also be *in modo di Verdi*), it is not to be missed.

AMSTERDAM.

WHILE the Amsterdam public was awaiting its turn with this *Falstaff*, the local Stadsschouwburg (beautifully redecorated since the last inspection in 1951) was offering a pair of operatic Dutch treats that were altogether absorbing. One was Frank Martin's ingenious new treatment of Molière's *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, in which a great deal goes on—singing, dancing, acting, etc.—in the manner of Martin's *Tempest*. I could not confess to really staying with this artfully interwoven texture of serialism and satire, but I would happily see it again. Paul Sacher's illness (which also provided a flurry of prominence for the young American conductor David Zinman) brought on Martin as a painstaking interpreter of his own work, in charge of a generally able cast in which André Vessières was Pourceaugnac; Heinz Rehfuss, Oronte; Cora Canne Meijer, Nérine; and Erna Spoorenberg, Julie.

Whatever the total worth in Dvorák's *Rusalka*—a treatment of the legend also known as *Ondine*—it was modestly represented in the performance of a company from Prague directed by Jaroslav Krombholc. A primary liability was the lack of a first-class voice in the whole cast, and a dismally "enterprising" production which depended much on scenic projections. Now and then there was a flash of quality, as in Jadwiga Wysoszanska's singing of Rusalka's Moon Aria in Act I, but the clearly able Krombholc was about the only commodity of export quality in this home-style product. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

A Conversation With Martial Solal

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

PIANIST Martial Solal arrived in the United States this summer from Paris for his first visit, an extended stay at the Hickory House in New York, and an appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival. The reputation that preceded him was that of a dazzling player, one of the best jazz pianists in the world, and perhaps the best and most original European jazz musician since guitarist Django Reinhardt.

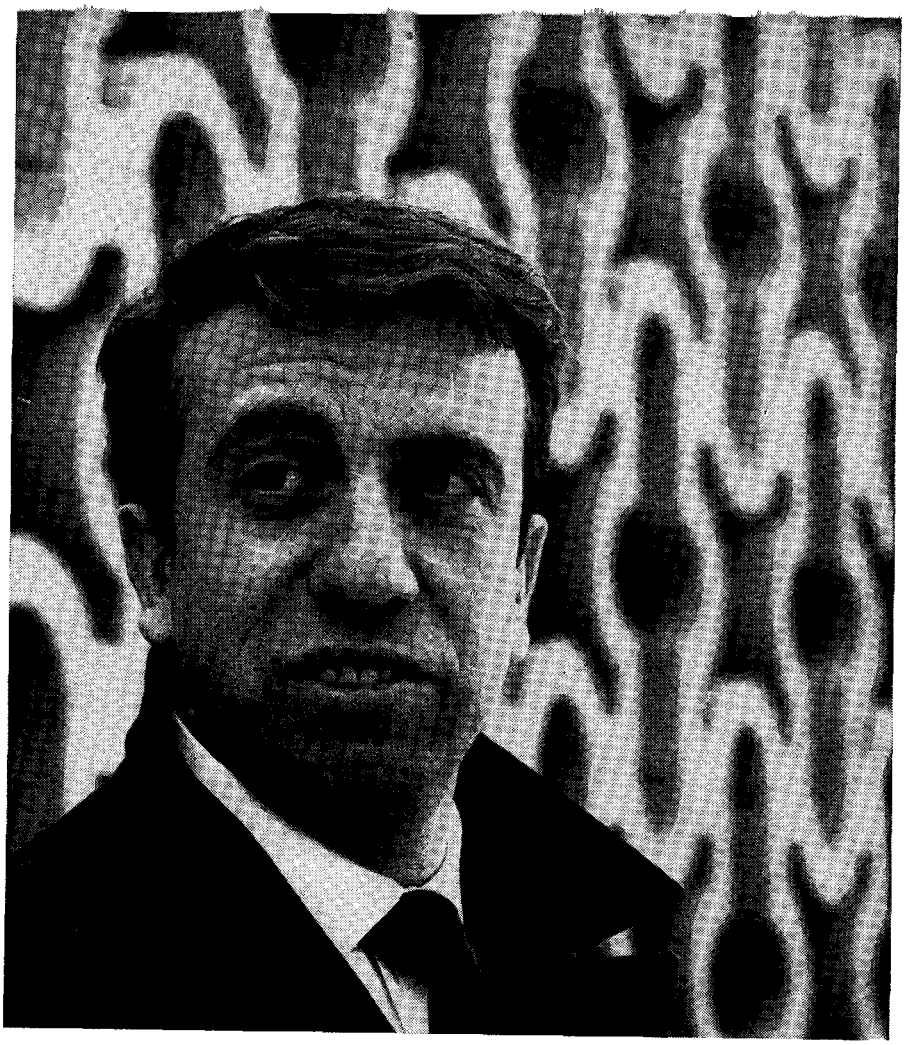
Solal was born in 1927 in Algiers, where he first began to play jazz piano, and moved to Paris after his army service. For several years he was in effect the house pianist at the Left Bank Club St. Germain, working with expatriates like Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, and Kenny Clarke, with the best French jazzmen, and with visiting Americans.

American musicians have for years returned from Paris with high praise for Solal, but until now others have heard him only on a sporadic series of records, not always ideally selected from those he has done in France. (I might mention that some of the best Solal I have heard is on *Jazz à Gaveau,* recorded at a concert by Pathé and so far unissued here.)

I decided it might be fruitful to set up a three-way conversation with Solal and an established American pianist, Dick Katz, whose experience has included work as accompanist to singer Carmen McRae, pianist with Kenny Dorham, with the J. J. Johnson-Kai Winding Quintet, etc., as well as his recording work with many others, including his own groups.

We met at Katz's Eleventh Street apartment and our talk was tape-recorded. (I should add that I have done a bit of brushing up on the transcript; M. Solal's English is very good, but not quite as good as it appears below.)

WILLIAMS: Martial, you can imagine that Dick and I are very curious about the background and experience of so accomplished a jazz musician who does not come from our country. I should ask you first when you began to play piano.



—*Minsart, Brussels.*

Solal—"I wanted to prove that any style of jazz could be played with any other."

SOLAL: I was exactly seven years and two months. You are the first men I have said that to—I always say seven.

WILLIAMS: Was your family musical?

SOLAL: Yes. My mother studied piano for a long time, and she used to sing classical. She learned at the Conservatoire in Algiers. She was not professional, but she was very much a musician.

WILLIAMS: When did you first hear jazz?

SOLAL: Oh, the first time was when I was about thirteen or fourteen.

WILLIAMS: Do you remember what it was?

SOLAL: A man in Algiers, a pianist. His professional name was Lucky Starway. He was playing a popular song, but not the way exactly that it was written. He changed some notes in a sort of improvisation. I thought it was wonderful, very exciting.

KATZ: This man was an Algerian? He wasn't an American?

SOLAL: No, he was French, but he lived in Algiers. Then I went to him and he taught me jazz. He was the only teacher in all Africa and Europe who could. He played several instruments, piano, trumpet, saxophone, accordion. . . .

WILLIAMS: What was your family's reaction to your wanting to play jazz?

SOLAL: Oh, they were very happy for they loved music.

WILLIAMS: Good. Not all American parents who love classical music would approve of jazz.

SOLAL: Well, mine were less happy when I said I was going to leave school when I was fifteen or sixteen. I wanted to be a musician and I couldn't go ahead at school and work too, so I left school.

WILLIAMS: Well, by that time were you listening to a lot of jazz?

SOLAL: Yes, many records. Fats Waller and Benny Goodman with Teddy Wilson—that kind of record. This was about 1942.

KATZ: Did you hear the big bands—Basie, Ellington?

SOLAL: Then I knew mostly small

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groups. Later, of course, I learned of the great orchestras.

WILLIAMS: When did you hear more modern musicians?

SOLAL: I first heard Errol Garner when I was in the Army. This was in 1948. I heard him on the radio. I still don't own many records, by the way.

WILLIAMS: You must have liked Garner immediately. And that fascinates me, because anyone who hears Errol Garner, I think, knows right away that he is a self-taught musician. He still cannot read, you know. You are trained —one hears in your work that you have studied the classics. Your style is your own now, of course, yet immediately one also hears the early influence of Garner.

SOLAL: Maybe that's still true in my playing. I know it was true.

KATZ: I recall when I was in Paris in 1951, the first time I heard you play —and I really enjoyed it, but you reminded me somewhat of Oscar Peterson.

SOLAL: Probably.

WILLIAMS: Did you admire Art Tatum?

SOLAL: Oh, always!

WILLIAMS: I notice that several of the people you admired make a happy or optimistic music—Fats Waller, Errol Garner, Art Tatum. How did you actually feel about Fats Waller, for example?

SOLAL: I was fascinated by the sound first. It was so clear, so clear a piano, like the sun. And his left hand was like two men playing together. I also heard Lionel Hampton about this time. It was very funny. You know the way he played the piano—he played with his two index fingers, using them like the mallets of his vibraharp, while there was another pianist playing the bass? Well, I believed he was playing alone, all by himself. And the first time I heard it, I said this is too much, I can't believe it! I tried to imitate it. Oh, I tried. But it is impossible.

WILLIAMS: When did you decide to leave Algiers and go to France?

SOLAL: In 1950, just after my military service. There was no work at all in Algiers. I was just teaching some little boys, six years old, and working in night clubs, playing tangos, and things like that. It was not very enjoyable. In Paris, it was very bad for me. I knew nobody. I had to wait about three months without speaking to anyone. I did not know where the streets were. I knew nothing about Paris. I just knew some musicians, two or three. Soon I had a chance to work with a popular band. Also about that time, I decided that I had not enough technique, so I decided to work more. I want to be able to play everything I hear in my mind. I still can't do that.

KATZ: How did you go about that? Did you practice things that you had learned earlier? Exercises and things?

SOLAL: Yes, exactly. But in different ways.

KATZ: Did you play any of the classical repertoire for practice — Chopin études and things like that?

SOLAL: Yes, exactly, Chopin études.

KATZ: Bach?

SOLAL: Not so much. You see, I forgot the book of Bach pieces in Algiers, but I had Chopin with me.

KATZ: Well, I've always thought that a lot of the technical problems in Chopin are applicable to jazz.

WILLIAMS: I might ask you at t point about Bud Powell, since he is very famous American pianist who's been living in France for several years now.

SOLAL: I used to love Bud Powell, and I think I still have many things from him. Maybe more than from anyone else except Tatum. He was very exciting to me, especially when he plays chords. Not his single-note lines in his right hand, because that is so much like Charlie Parker. But he plays some chords ten notes or eight notes together, you know. He has a very unusual way to play these chords. It sounds . . .

KATZ: You mean the voicing of the chords or the way he attacks the instrument?

SOLAL: Both--the voicing and maybe more the way he played it.

KATZ: Because whenever I've discussed Bud Powell with other pianists, they've agreed that the most elusive part of his playing is his rhythmic attack, which no one has ever really been able to get—that certain kind of swing he has.

WILLIAMS: Well, when you we practicing, did you ever try, say, in tating Powell?

SOLAL: No, not practicing. Never.

WILLIAMS: You once made a very interesting record with Sidney Bechet and Kenny Clarke on drums. How did that come about?

SOLAL: I wanted to prove that any style of jazz could be played with any other. It was very exciting to make this album. The session went so fast and easy for us, one tune after the other. In two hours we made about eight numbers. I think it became a big success in Europe, my best selling record.

WILLIAMS: When you accompanied Bechet did you play more conservatively?

SOLAL: Oh, perhaps I tried, but I can't even when I try.

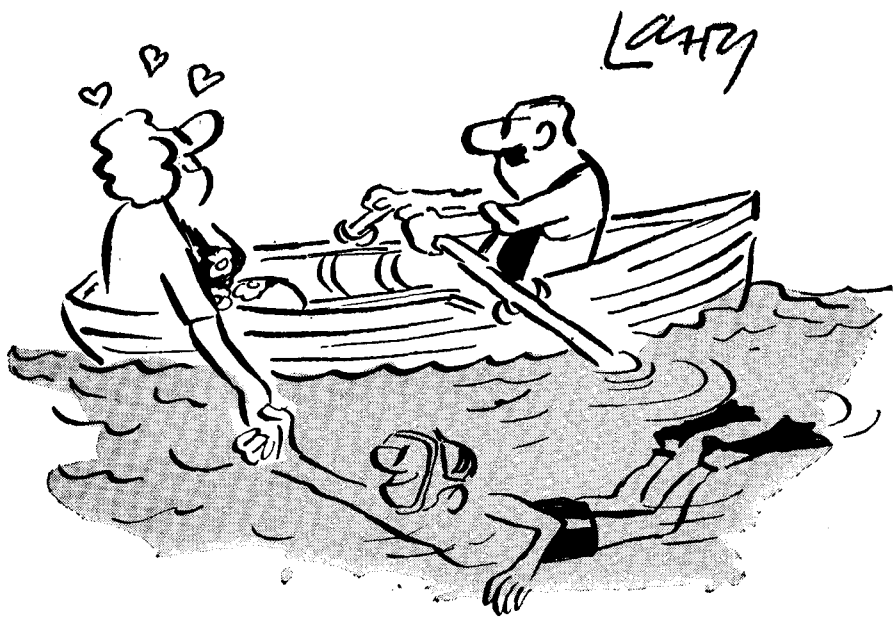
WILLIAMS: Well, Bechet sounded entirely comfortable.

SOLAL: I don't know this record, actually. I have not heard it since. I just remember the session was very enjoyable.

KATZ: Well, you have a wonderfu surprise in store.

WILLIAMS: In France, now, you have your own trio.

SOLAL: Yes, Daniel Humair, from Geneva, on drums, and Guy Petersen, who is French, on bass.



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WILLIAMS: Do you work in night clubs?

SOLAL: Not since three years. Once week, when we are in Paris, we work on Thursday nights at the Club St. Germain. Two years ago we used to work every night.

WILLIAMS: But now you can earn your living just playing concerts?

SOLAL: Yes. But because I also write music. I write film scores. But if I just had to wait for a concert in France! There are not that many and they don't pay very much. We play in other countries. But this year in France we had a big tour for the *Jeunesse Musicale de France*, almost seventy cities in four months. That organization sponsors classical music, ballet, and theatre in small communities all over France for young people. We were only their third jazz group.

WILLIAMS: In general, you would prefer not to play in clubs at home, but you came here to play in a night club.

SOLAL: Yes, I was so happy to come here I would have accepted to play almost anywhere, even for dancing maybe. Well, no, not dancing.

WILLIAMS: You know, some American musicians will expect your playing change while you are here. They remember that some European musicians have felt that if they came over here, in the original environment of jazz, their style will change.

SOLAL: That would be true if I had never had a chance to play with American musicians, but I have been doing this already for years in Paris.

WILLIAMS: The trio that you're working with over here, with Paul Motian on drums and Ted Kotick on bass—did you know their work from records?

SOLAL: I had heard one record where they played together with Bill Evans.

KATZ: When Paul Motian and the late Scott LaFaro, the very talented bassist, worked together with Bill Evans, the three of them evolved a style, a departure from the traditional concept of the bass and the drums accompanying the pianist. They had more of an equal participation by all three men, a lot of counterpoint, both rhythmic and melodic, on the part of the bass. And Paul played musical phrases on his drums.

SOLAL: I heard those records only er I had come over here. And then asked Paul to play as he plays with Bill. He's playing for himself, as a soloist, you know. But bass and drums have to play together.

KATZ: Well, since you've started playing at the Hickory House, have you noticed a change in the way Teddy and Paul play with you?

SOLAL: Yes, I think that it is much better now that we are used to playing together. I suppose that Bill Evans and Paul had much experience before playing this way. In France, I try to get the trio to play with each one as a soloist. May I put it that way? But not always, because naturally it clashes sometimes.

KATZ: Other than the famous pianists like Fats Waller, Art Tatum, and Teddy Wilson—those you told us you liked very much when you were young—were there other instrumentalists?

SOLAL: Yes, I can mention many of them. Maybe it will seem very funny to you, but, Benny Goodman, Django Reinhardt. And later Stan Getz. Some of his harmonic things I still use. Charlie Parker.

KATZ: Doesn't sound funny at all.

SOLAL: It's so far away from the piano.

WILLIAMS: Incidentally, you made some recordings with Django Reinhardt.

SOLAL: Just one. I played very bad on it. It was my first record and it was his last.

KATZ: What about Thelonious Monk?

WILLIAMS: Yes, especially in view of Monk's sense of form—and yours.

SOLAL: He plays so many unusual figures. I am sure that I received much influence from him, but not as a pianist. Still, I think he has influenced every modern pianist in harmony.

KATZ: What do you like best about his music—his playing?

SOLAL: Essentially, what I like best is his writing. I love his writing. But I think when he is playing, he is still composing, no? That's maybe why he doesn't play so much—not such big piano. He is still composing.

KATZ: One other question: I hear in your playing things that I've heard in modern classical music, particularly harmonically and in some rhythms. I was wondering if this is just a coincidence or that you are influenced by some of the contemporary classical music that you have listened to. Prokofiev's piano music, for instance.

SOLAL: No, this is really a coincidence. I'm sorry to say that, but I don't know classical music after Debussy. Really, it's a shame. I've never read any of Prokofiev's music. I intend to read it, sometime.

THE CONCERT SINATRA
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RECORDINGS REPORTS : JAZZ LP's

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Americans in Europe: A concert featuring Kenny Clarke, drums; Bill Smith, clarinet; Idrees Sulieman, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano; Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Champion Jack Dupree, vocal and piano; Curtis Jones, vocal and piano; Don Byas, tenor saxophone. Impulse A36 and A37, $4.98 each; stereo, $5.98.	These two records testify to the growing colony of American jazz musicians in Europe, but they offer no proof that residence on the other side of the Atlantic has been musically inspiring. Don Byas, Albert Nicholas, Bud Powell and bassist Jimmy Woode show the most clearly that it hasn't been detrimental either, though it is a veteran blues artist, Champion Jack Dupree, who unashamedly and effortlessly steals the show. Byas runs him close on "I Remember Clifford," however. Recorded live in January 1963, perhaps the most interesting factor is that the concert, displaying so many different facets of jazz, should have taken place in Koblenz, Germany. Twenty years ago that would have seemed beyond the realm of possibility in any imaginable future.
Quincy Jones: *Quincy Jones Plays Hip Hits.* Jones, arranger, with big bands of varying personnel. Mercury MG 20799, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Quincy Jones's "big band arrangements of today's soulful jazz hits" certainly improve upon some of the more banal originals, although the intent is evidently to woo the public towards the big-band sound via familiar melodies. The playing is of a high standard, the orchestrations richly colorful, and the soloists include Joe Newman, Quentin Jackson, Zoot Sims, Phil Woods, Roland Kirk, Jim Hall and Bobby Scott. The alto duets by Sims and Woods on "Take Five" and "Watermelon Man" are particularly effective, and Joe Newman takes care of the chickens with verve and humor on both "Back at the Chicken Shack" and "Comin' Home Baby."
Max Kaminsky: *Max Goes East.* Kaminsky, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Bob Wilber, clarinet and tenor saxophone; Marty Napoleon, piano; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Chet Amsterdam, percussion. United Artists UAL 3174, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Take a dozen numbers connected by title with the East ("Hindustan," "Nagasaki," "Buddha," etc.), have them played by a Dixieland group, and dress the leader, Max Kaminsky, as a Chinese for the cover shot — now there's a daunting new approach for you! Fortunately, music triumphs over the gimmick, thanks largely to skilled and conscientious arranging by Bob Wilber. There is the necessary Orientalia, prettily voiced, at the beginning and end of each performance, but in between the jazz is usually good. It frequently departs from the Dixieland idiom to swing over well-conceived backgrounds and a good rhythm section. There are instances, too, where the two clarinets and Kaminsky's growling horn evoke Ellington's mysterious jungle. It is to be hoped that the talents of this group and its arranger are soon applied to more varied material.
Ramsey Lewis: *Pot Luck.* Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass and cello; Red Holt, drums. Argo 715, $4.98.	Piano trios that pick good tempos and play familiar tunes with a beat are understandably popular. The approach is now less flowery than that of yesterday's cocktail pianists, although uncomfortable tendencies towards the melodramatic have not yet been entirely eradicated. The Lewis Trio, a well-knit unit which knows the blues, can swing infectiously, and often on numbers where one would least expect it. The program here is certainly diversified, for it includes "Loch Lomond," "Nature Boy," "Shenandoah," a dance by Granados, an aria from *Tosca* and "Arrivederci Roma." The la is too much, but the trio translates the others into jazz with considerable success. Red Holt's dru make a noteworthy contribution to "Andaluza."
Ike Quebec: *Blue and Sentimental.* Quebec, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. Blue Note $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The posthumous release of this record emphasizes the grievous loss jazz sustained with the death of Ike Quebec. Even without that knowledge, it would be a specially moving set, for Quebec plays most of it with a kind of sorrowing gentleness. "Blue and Sentimental" has been performed so often that its possibilities might seem to have been exhausted, yet he succeeds in making an intensely personal statement of it. He swings easily on "Like," the one number taken at a fairly fast tempo, and he plays the occasional piano on all but "Count Every Star," where it is by Sonny Clark. Grant Green admirably complements his lyrical invention and produces a pleasing, individual sound from the guitar.
Tito Rodriguez: *Live at Birdland.* Rodriguez, percussion, with his Latin-American group plus: Clark Terry, trumpet; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, tenor saxophones; Bernie Leighton, piano. United Artists UAL 3174, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Supplemented by jazz soloists, the Rodriguez group plays six jazz standards: "Mack the Knife," "Summertime," "Take the 'A' Train," "Perdido," "You're Driving Me Crazy," and "How High the Moon." Even those already surfeited with Latin-American rhythms and percussion are well advised to hear the record, for on it Clark Terry plays some exceptionally exciting and uninhibited trumpet. Zoot Sims and Bob Brookmeyer sound similarly stimulated by the enthusiastic rhythm section. In stereo, some of the soloists on the left channel need boosting.
Charlie Shavers: *Excitement Unlimited.* Shavers, trumpet; Billy Byers, trombone; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone; Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone; Bruce Martin, piano; George Barnes, guitar; Tommy Bryant, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Capitol T 1883, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The inclusion of two items from its repertoire ("Undecided" and "Opus 5") serves as a reminder that Charlie Shavers was largely responsible for the success of John Kirby's famous sextet. Indeed, this group of his often sounds like an updated version of that sextet, despite the difference in instrumentation. Shavers, a many-sided trumpet player, is one of the most formidable virtuosi produced by jazz, as he demonstrates on several tracks. His unpredictable sense of humor is not always an asset, but when the spirit moves him, as on "Porgy," he plays with surprising emotional warmth. He makes one of his infrequent appearances as a vocalist on the amusing "School Days" and contributes two blues and three new originals to the program. The excellent little arrangements are well interpreted, among the supporting players who deserve special mention being Budd Johnson (a soloist on "Period of Adjustment") and Oliver Jackson.
Lucky Thompson: *Lucky Thompson Plays Jerome Kern and No More.* Thompson, tenor and soprano saxophones; Hank Jones, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Dave Bailey, drums. Moodsville 39, mono and stereo, $4.98.	This musicianly album, which signals the welcome return of Lucky Thompson from Europe, contains a relatively unhackneyed selection of eight Kern tunes as well as Thompson's own brooding "No More." Alternating throughout between tenor and soprano saxophone, his full, rounded tone and supple phrasing on tenor are as distinctive and impressive as ever. In recognition of the instrument's different "personality," he plays soprano with less rhythmic urgency and achieves a pure yet soulful sound far removed from that of Sidney Bechet. Compared to the latter's, with its broad vibrato and unchecked earthiness, Thompson's has a quality that might be described as empyreal. The accompaniments and solos by Hank Jones are notable, as usual, for their intelligence and taste.
Earl Washington: *All Star Jazz.* Washington, piano; Thad Jones, trumpet; Benny Powell, trombone; Frank Wess, flute, alto and tenor saxophones; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Eddie Jones, bass; Sonny Payne, drums. Motown Jazz Workshop 202, $3.98. Frank Wess: *Yo Ho! Frank Wess.* Wess, flute and tenor saxophone; Thad Jones, trumpet; Gildo Mahones, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Prestige 7266, mono and stereo, $4.98.	These two records present various Basie alumni out of the big-band context. The Motown, with four horns, carries over more of the flavor, but despite yeomanly work by Eddie Jones, the rhythm se tion is disappointing. Any musician accustomed to working as part of a team with Basie and Freddi Greene is sure to feel uncomfortably exposed without them. Of Earl Washington's three originals, "Opus No. 3" is the most successful, and it is performed with an assurance suggestive of that improbability, prior rehearsal. One track by a different group, "March Lightly," briefly features the robust, confident tenor of John Neely. The Prestige album has a stronger rhythm section and superior material, such as "The Lizard" by Thad Jones. Some compensation for Jones's departure from the Basie band lies in the fact that he can now devote more time to composition and arranging. Yet it in his muted trumpet counter-melody to Wess's flute on "Poor You" that makes that performance one of the set's highspots. —Stanley Dance.

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English Literature on Record

By JOHN CIARDI

I AM at least mildly appalled by Richard Burton's suavely insensitive reading of *Love Poems of John Donne* just released by Caedmon (TC 1141, two sides, $5.95). Burton seems to have derived his whole sense of the proper voice for these poems from their caption as "love" poems, and without having thought to ask which of this world's lovers John Donne was. The voice so conceived comes out hushed, smooth, mellifluous, ponderous, and even self-ponderous, but what it comes out to is hardly Donne.

Even this sad-courtier voice might have carried it off had Burton registered any sense of the quality of Donne's mind and rhythms. Burton hushes over some of the most violent imagery in English as if the poems were offering the reader a lily. And in his foolish concern to speak the lines as if they were stage prose, he seems never to have heard the spondees and the monosyllabic feet hammering the words, their hammers driven harder by the weight of the parallel constructions and balanced antitheses that knock one grammatical element against the other. Nor the way in which these primary emphases are further stroked off by the powerfully placed caesuras and line-end pauses, and heightened again by the artful contrast of smooth ("rest") lines and harsh ones.

Even in "A Valediction Forbidding Mourning" the voice goes almost without variation from the smoothness of such a rest line as

Like gold to airy thinness beat

(a respite of metric regularity between two turbulent rhythms) to the pounding

If they *be two,* they are *two so*
As *stiff twin com*passes are *two.*
Thy soul, the *fixed foot,* makes
no show
To *move,* but *doth* if th'Other *do*

in which the pyrrhic-spondee combinations of line one, reinforced by the triple-stress of *stiff twin com*passes, and again by the three spondees of line three, are the essence of the passage's rhythmic power).

Or let such lovers of Donne as have an ear to hear with recall the first stanza of "The Anniversarie"—certainly one of the rhythmic triumphs of English lyricism—and then listen to Burton turn it into actor's mush.

It will not do. I hope the ladies who launched the Caedmon enterprise and who showed such discernment in their first releases will be moved to try Donne again when they find a reader who can hear the master's accents. If they do, I hope they will think to provide a text of the poems with the recording.

Caedmon can certainly claim all of its early distinction for its release of *The Canterbury Tales* as read in Middle English by J. B. Bessinger, Jr. (TC 1151, two sides, with full accompanying text, $5.95). Professor Bessinger (University of Toronto) reads Chaucer lovingly and with no trace of either the pedantry with which so many academic readers embellish their imagined sense of Chaucerian pronunciation, or of the ham with which they enthrall their captive audiences. The language sits sweetly on his tongue and he lets it flow with full relish in both its musicality and its precision, delight and modesty combined in measure. Listening to such a reading with the accompanying text in hand, and with only a rare glance at any Chaucerian glossary, any willing listener should be able to achieve a happy sense of Chaucer's English in two or three tries. Let me also recommend that those who first drank their Chaucer from the muddy trickles of pedantry will find a dancing fountain in Professor Bessinger's recorded reading.

And almost all praise to Caedmon once again for its release of *The Second Shepherd's Play* (TC 1032, two sides, $5.95). A masterpiece of primitive literature, this gem of the morality plays is given a superb performance by Joss Ackland, Peter Bayliss, and Diarmid Cammell as the three shepherds, Robert Stephens as Mak, Avril Elgar as Gil, Owen Wynne as the Angell, and Patricia Somerset as the Virgin Mary.

With or without previous knowledge of the English morality plays, any listener prepared to be charmed by folk drama at its purest will want this recording.

But why on earth did Caedmon omit an acting script for the listener to follow, especially in a reading studded with bits of odd dialect and with usages no longer current? And why did it ever permit so uninformative a jacket note?

Let those who are unacquainted with the play (and many a man has majored in English without touching the morality plays) at least be told that the punishment meted out to the sheep-stealer consists of being tossed in a blanket (a canvas). The bucolic comedy then ends with the shepherds lying down in the fields to sleep. They are awakened by the song of an angel announcing the birth of Christ (whereby, of course, the stolen sheep of the bucolic comedy emerges as a holy symbol). The scene thereupon shifts, with the arbitrariness of convention, to Bethlehem (the other side of the "stage") and there the three shepherds hail the Christ-child and bring him gifts—cherries, a bird, and a ball. When they are done, the Virgin Mary speaks, and, following her words, the play concludes in song and rejoicing, a praise that includes good ale and the joys of religion in one glad country mixture. Sweet pipes, and sweetly played.

Surrealist Tree

By Rosalind Levine

MAGRITTE's tree blooms out of a quarry
Out of a cave out of
Gray grottos of heaven.
Its soil is slag; its boughs drink
At slatted rainclouds of that difficult country
Past timberline.

Who craves this

Emerald serrate, mountaintop perception,
Forgets the sign says, "Not for sale."
Hears heart crack, risks bone and feeling
In all ten fingers,
Or stakes the small fortune of her reason.

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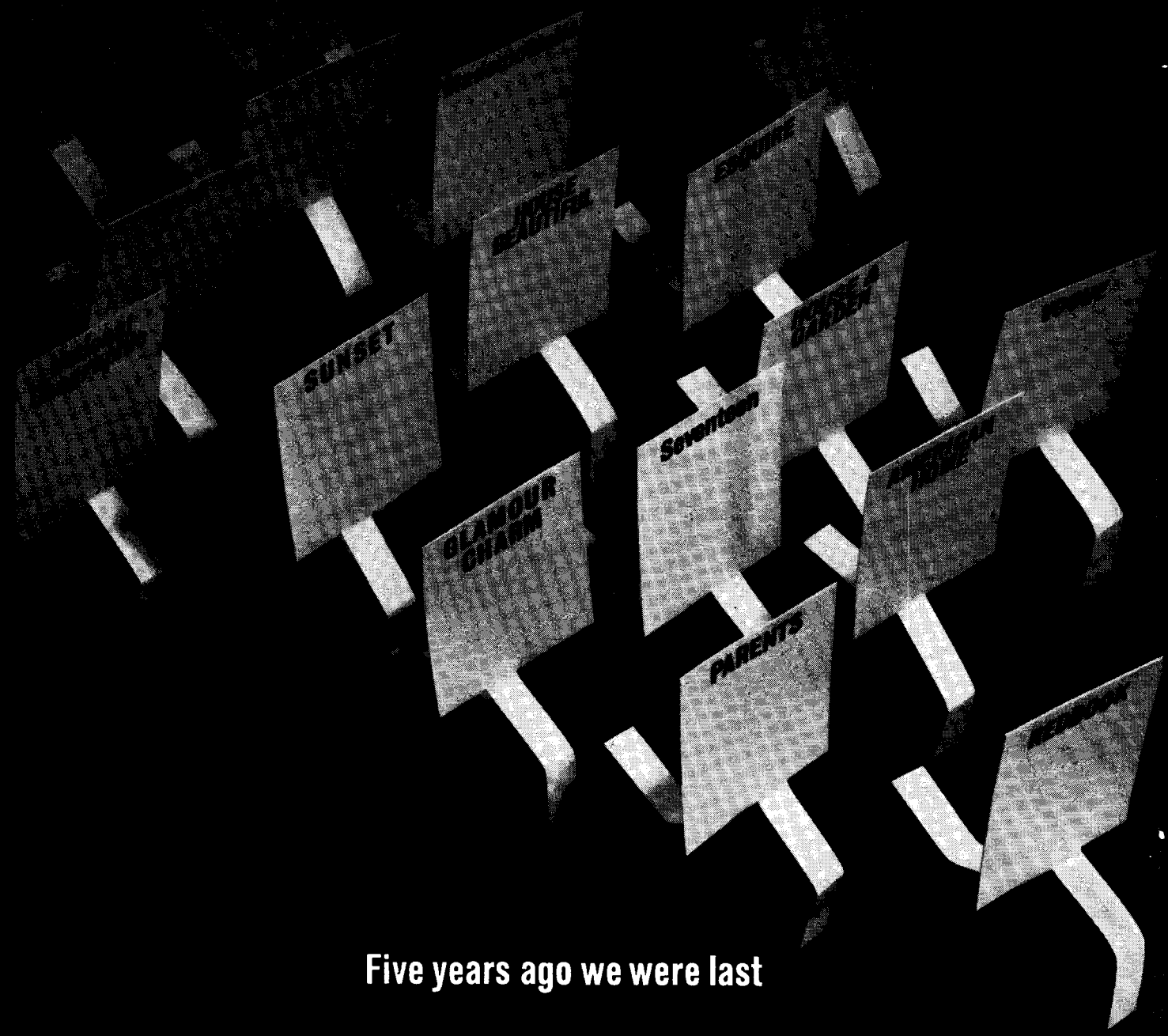

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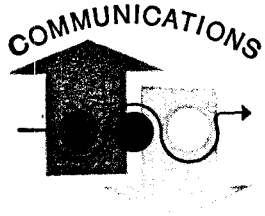

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Straws of an Ill Wind

TWO ITEMS in the world of communication the month past struck us as potentially hurtful to the cause of free news dissemination and downright bad journalistic practice in a world which at best is confused, distrustful, and not always too well informed. The items were not earth-shaking, nor were they entirely new to professional communicators who live with this sort of thing and are pretty much inured by now. But they did suggest to us straws of an ill wind that can blow no one good if, as we believe, our way of life is dependent on believable, reliable news service, print or electronic.

The first item concerns a Fulbright committee hearing in Washington which uncovered the fact that United Press International assigns the news agency's reporters from time to time to projects paid for by private industry and public relations firms. Senator Fulbright summed it up quite bluntly: "You are offering the service of this great news-gathering organization for public relations purposes." Earl Johnson, general manager of UPI (which is the lately combined United Press and International News Service), disagreed with Senator Fulbright that his far-flung news agency is in the public relations business. But UPI does have a Special Service Bureau whose own advertising brochure, sent to thousands of industrial and business firms all over the world, puts the bureau's activities this way: "UPI has 264 bureaus and over 10,000 affiliated correspondents to provide your company with a ready-made field staff capable of undertaking a wide variety of assignments on comparatively short notice." Mr. Johnson testified that the material his UPI reporters furnished business and public relations clients was "factual" and "not purposeful."

Two things strike us immediately as perilous to any news-gathering organization that mixes paying PR clients with straight, unbiased reporting. First, there's a natural human tendency to favor someone on whose payroll you are when you come to reporting news about him. Second, your official sources of news can never be certain just why you, the reporter, may be asking a question. Senator Carlson of Kansas put it very well at the hearing: "If a reporter came and asked my opinion on aid in a foreign country, would he be doing this for a [PR] client or for a news story?"

At the very least, we think UPI should not use for its PR and business inquiries the same personnel who cover the news. Perhaps the whole idea of a special service bureau is incompatible with a nonpartisan, uninhibited news agency, especially since there are now only two of them of any size in the U.S., Associated Press and UPI, and since practically every locality in the U.S. is served for radio, TV, and newspapers by one or the other, more often than not without any possible check as to source or accuracy.

The second item this month had to do with sports, one of the most entertaining facets of TV coverage though surely one of the least important in the long run. Just the same, the principle involved in this case is common to TV newscasting in all of its varieties, sober or gay. That

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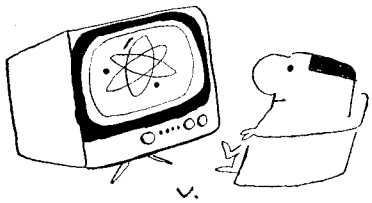
the item happened to involve a golf tournament is incidental.

The National Broadcasting Company carried the final round of the Thunderbird golf classic from Westchester County on television, and quite properly so, for practically every top professional golfer in America was present, tuning up for the National Open the following week. Two golfers, Arnold Palmer and Paul Harney, happened to be the last to finish the fourth and final round and, by dramatic chance, Harney pulled even with Palmer with only two holes to go. Here was a tremendous climax to a big sports story, utterly fascinating to the holiday home audience of many millions. When both players missed short putts on the eighteenth hole, Bud Palmer, the NBC announcer, reported that the match would be settled in sudden-death overtime play. This meant that the golfers would go on for as many more holes as were necessary to break the tie. But the hour was 6:25 P.M., Westchester time, and Mr. Palmer quite casually advised his eager audience that NBC would be unable to continue with the



sudden-death playoff on account of "prior commitments" and "technical difficulties." At that point the gleeful final commercial period began, signaling the end of a totally unsatisfying broadcast.

The important element here is that NBC made it perfectly clear to all, viewers and players alike, that at worst its news coverage comes second to its commercial income and at best that its news preparations had been completely botched. Surely Mr. Palmer and his associates must have known in advance what would happen if the tournament ended in a tie, as many golf tournaments do, and made the necessary arrangements for continuous coverage until the denouement. Our feeling is that any procedure or policy that diminishes in any way the American news public's belief in the competence, integrity, or motives of any special news event diminishes the regard by which the whole industry is valued. The Westchester incident is a bad news precedent. It is dangerous to the broadcasting profession, in its ever-growing tie with the American public, to cut off deliberately at the climax of any special news event, whether it's sports, a national political convention, or a pickup from the U.N. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

OPPOSITE EFFECT

After reading the editorial and article about TV commercials, in *SR*'s June 8 issue, I decided that some of the commercial writers should become aware of the effect of their commercials on me. I have a feeling that I am not alone in my response.

I resent many TV commercials very much. I therefore take great pleasure in refusing to buy products whose producers use obnoxious methods of advertising. Though I have always liked Procter and Gamble products (probably because of the lovely pictures Ivory used to place in magazines) I wouldn't buy Ivory Liquid if it were the last detergent on the shelf. In fact, I have recently changed to soap for dishes so that I will not add any foam of my own to the sewage breakdown plant. I refuse to use any of the "leading pain relievers." Since we do occasionally have headaches I buy Rexall APCs at the one-cent sale. I use White King Soap for laundry with Arm and Hammer soda to soften. Instead of the White Tornado, which smells like ammonia, I use ammonia and water for the floor, and a wax that doesn't advertise on TV or radio as far as I know.

Since so many commercials are so bad, I feel quite grateful to an advertiser who shows some humor or sensitivity. Though we laugh at the "soft" toilet tissue ads, we are at least not offended by them, and a few Texaco commercials and Wrigley ones have been very pleasant. The Calo Cat commercials amused me so much that I bought some of their dog food when I had a dog, and the Gravy Train ads are not bad.

Thanks for listening, though I have little hope that the advertisers will take any notice.

Diane Hewitson.

Encinitas, Calif.

SPOTTING A NEWSMAN

Being a journalism student, I appreciated Professor Hohenberg's stimulating article "How to Spot a Newsman" [*SR*, June 8]. I was particularly impressed with his emphasis on quality rather than quantity in news writing. It seems as though there are many journalists who are more concerned with column-inches than with clear, concise writing.

Hohenberg's article was interesting because he drew from a variety of sources instead of expounding his personal philosophy on the marks of a good journalist. He could just as easily have written some trite comments on what a journalist is supposed to be. Rather, he wrote a lively and absorbing article.

"How to Spot a Newsman" should be "must" reading for anyone considering the field of journalism.

Irvin M. Haas,
School of Journalism,
Ohio State University.

Columbus, O.

Please consider this hurried request for permission to reproduce the article "How to Spot a Newsman" written for the *Saturday Review* Communications Supplement by John Hohenberg. We plan to reproduce the article and send it to our Newspaper Information Service Newsletter mailing list. This includes publishers, editors, newspaper promotion and personnel managers, newsprint manufacturers, deans of schools of journalism, and other interested persons connected with the newspaper business. Thank you for your kind permission to use this fine article.

Stewart R. Macdonald, Manager,
Newspaper Information Service,
American Newspaper Publishers Association.

New York, N.Y.

YOUR NAME ON THE ENVELOPE

Congratulations on your examination of the junk mail nuisance [*SR*, May 11]. There can be no debate that an ethical problem confronts the average consumer in this matter. As he cannot in pragmatic common sense fail to answer the telephone (and thus, often, encounter a sales pitch), so he has no real alternative to opening *all* the mail which is personally addressed to him ("Occupant" mail he can clearly discard). He finds it hard to realize that much of this mail is dispatched merely by huge, impersonal, buck-hungry computer-users. He clings to the notion that his name means *him*.

As long as the direct-mail industry thus invades our privacy by flooding our mailboxes, and until it replaces with meaningful action its pious promises to police itself, I suggest that good souls everywhere act to give it the maximum of headaches. Here is a unique call to rugged American individualism. The joy is that one need not stop with writing his Congressman. He can take direct and, God knows, daily action. My personal responsive pleasure goes beyond those your article mentioned. I have developed ploys additional to those you mention. We must all be inventive.

Curtis C. Page.

Des Moines, Iowa

BY ANY OTHER NAME

Peter Bart's fascinating article "The New Products Boom" [*SR*, June 8] causes me

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as a consumer and an avid follower of advertising to write this letter.

It is incredible that there is such a vast number of products being introduced in the U.S.; they represent a huge expenditure both in time and money and a consequent loss to both the manufacturer and consumer. It is apparent that the manufacturer is using a shotgun effect in the hope that some of his pellets will hit something. If nothing really hits, then the gun is reloaded and fired again, in the hope that something will happen.

The statement that these "new" products are merely the same products in new packages is quite true. I had occasion to buy shoe polish and wanted Kiwi. The salesman offered me Esquire. I declined and he said that it's the new Lord Esquire. No face-lifting could possibly make me believe that this was a different product.

Concerning your mention of the Wilkinson blade: Wilkinson's attitude is a truly marvelous thing. Here is a manufacturer who not only refuses to expand production, knowing that there would be a subsequent loss in quality, but who also refuses to advertise.

I think Gillette or any American manufacturer could come out with a superior product. And the need for advertising would be minimal, since mere word-of-mouth advertising would do the trick.

GUS WEXLER.

Bronx, N.Y.

NO BOY SCOUT INDUSTRY

IN THE BELIEF that only the more clairvoyant of your readers would gather from James F. Fixx's review of my book *The Golden Fleece: Selling the Good Life to Americans* [*SR*, June 8] what the book is all about, may I supplement that review with the following:

The book describes the multifarious impact of advertising on American life, particularly middle-class life, as Madison Avenue attempts to step up the consumption of goods produced by a prolific economy. For a change, Madison Avenue is not portrayed as the villain but as the hired help of the national advertisers who pay for the ads and must bear ultimate responsibility for them. The book explores the overt and hidden ways in which the merchandisers promote and exploit the dreams of the middle class. The thesis is documented at each step exclusively from trade sources.

Your reviewer turned his attention to Madison Avenue's unsavory image. But I believe that Madison Avenue must be viewed more realistically as an aggregate of persuasive skills bought by advertisers. Your reviewer disputed my reform proposals by suggesting that the promotional extravagance and deception in the advertising community be controlled by that community itself, without governmental legislation. But I believe that the problems posed by packaging deception, high-priced and worthless drugs, an uninhibited public relations industry, false product claims, and mediocre programming on radio and TV due to commercial considerations, require serious thought and curbing regulation.

In my opinion it is visionary to expect the highly competitive promotion industry to become an industry of Boy Scouts.

JOSEPH J. SELDIN.

New York, N.Y.

LETTERS AS PR TOOLS

L. L. L. GOLDEN IS TO BE congratulated for highlighting the neglect of letter writing as a public relations tool [*SR*, June 8]. As one who has worked on the problem with New York Life and other large companies, may I be permitted to add that improving company letters is not always a simple matter of providing materials and instruction for those who need them.

Some months ago I wrote to five of the best-known public relations firms for samples of press releases for study in my college classes. Only two bothered even to acknowledge my letter, and only one of the two replied in a way that did credit to the public relations profession. I'm sure the offending organizations know how to write good letters—for their clients. They just don't have the will to do an equally good job for themselves.

Where the will to write effective letters exists, other problems intrude. I have little difficulty, for example, in getting employees to give me the kind of writing I want. What they do for me, however, is not necessarily what they would do on the job. Supervisors as a class have an antipathy toward phrasing that differs from what they are accustomed to. The old phrasing, however stilted it is, has been tested, and if it is not making friends, it is not causing complaints or lawsuits, either. Originality, on the other hand, is always risky.

Sometimes it is the writers themselves who object to change. In a brokerage house that boasts of its services to nonprofessional investors, for example, I found portfolio analysts agreeable to making other changes in their letters, but obstinate in their refusal to give up their almost incomprehensible jargon. They had worked too hard to learn it and, besides, it was the badge of their professional competence.

Management's limited perspective on effective writing is another roadblock for the teacher. Businessmen like to say that "words cost money," but they do not often realize that efforts to obtain economy in language may cost even more. Or they tend to think in terms of grammar and spelling when the crying need is for better policies, more effective procedures, and a little humanity toward writers as well as readers.

Letter writing would be easy if it could be done by manuals instead of by people. I've found that the best way to help com-

(*Continued on page* 55)

"If you ask me, the whole darn thing is so pointless."

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THUNDER ON THE THAMES

The British Press and the Profumo Case

By JOHN TEBBEL

LONDON.

ON THE fateful afternoon of June 17, when Prime Minister Harold Macmillan stood at bay in the House of Commons, the typically British weather forecast read: "Sunny periods; showers." It was an apt description of the emotional climate in which the nation's greatest political crisis in many years came to its unhappy yet enlightening climax.

Mr. Macmillan and his Tory government had come to this turning point by a road so devious and unlikely that the British public, wavering between titillation and indignation, could scarcely believe it was happening to them instead of the Americans. Indeed, at least one paper, the *Sunday Telegraph,* talked gloomily about "the Americanization of British life."

In a sense, the beginning of the affair bore out the *Telegraph's* melancholy observation, for it was in a swimming pool, a standard fixture in the American *dolce vita,* that the Right Honorable John Dennis Profumo, Her Majesty's Privy Councillor and Secretary of State for War, met a twenty-one-year-old redhead of enchanting proportions named Christine Keeler. The place was Cliveden, the four-story gray Astor mansion which the Scottish *Sunday Mail* refers to as "the stateliest and craziest of English country houses." The time was July 1961.

What happened after these two weekend guests contemplated each other is now engraved in the memory of the remotest peasant. Miss Keeler, who was currently the friend, as the French say, of Commander Eugene Ivanov, Assistant Naval Attaché of the Soviet Embassy, became the friend of Mr. Profumo, who is married to a British cinema star, "the good Valerie Hobson," as the *Sunday Mail* tenderly described her. The Profumo-Keeler friendship ripened for six months in the London flat of Dr. Stephen Ward, a society osteopath, who was thoughtful enough to provide it since he had after all shared the Cliveden pool with them.

There the matter might have ended pleasantly if another friend of Miss Keeler's, a jealous West Indian named John Edgecombe, had not tried to force his way with a gun into her Wimpole Mews flat. At this point the British press entered the drama in a way characteristic of the press everywhere this side of the Iron Curtain. The London *Mirror* tried to buy Miss Keeler's life story for its sensational tabloid pages. At the same time it came into possession, by means not yet disclosed, of a Profumo letter beginning "Darling" and concluding "Love, J."

—*UPI.*

John Profumo and his wife, Valerie Hobson—a strain on the press.

In America there would have been no hesitation about publishing such a letter, if it were believed authentic. In Britain, however, the relationship of the press to government and courts is significantly different. The libel laws are harsh and restrictive; privacy is protected to a degree unknown in America. The *Mirror* evidently weighed its story against the possibility of a libel action and decided not to print it.

This remarkable restraint must be viewed against the background of the recent bitter struggle between the press and the Establishment, as represented by government and courts. Two royal commissions have investigated the press and raised the prospect of even more restrictive legislation to govern it. These and other actions, both official and unofficial, have created a public opinion climate in Britain which has resulted in heavy punitive libel damages being assessed against newspapers by British juries. The depressing frequency of these verdicts recently has made publishers feel like ducks in a shooting gallery.

In its hesitation over the Profumo letter, the *Mirror* also reflected, as the other papers were to do later as the case developed, a fear of what the government might do. Fresh in the memories of these publishers was the rough handling given them by the Macmillan government in the recent Vassall spy case, when a tribunal was set up to pry out the sources of information the press had used in developing a story which proved to be damaging to the Conservatives' shaky control. The hand-picked tribunal gave the newspaper witnesses harsh treatment, and two reporters went to jail for refusing to divulge their sources.

Small wonder, then, that the press approached the burgeoning Profumo affair last December with all the frustrated ardor of a man about to open a can of beer on a lonely beach and who finds he has left the opener at home. Everyone on Fleet Street soon knew most of the details about Mr. Profumo's indiscretion, but not a line

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appeared in print. In such a situation, the inevitable rumors grew and spread until they reached Westminster and Mr. Macmillan himself, who asked the Security Service, known as M15, if there was anything irregular about the situation. M15 gave a "negative" reply. Meanwhile, Commander Ivanov, no doubt feeling a certain apprehension, left the country. In March, Edgecombe appeared at Old Bailey and got a seven-year sentence. Miss Keeler, who had been scheduled as a witness, turned out to be visiting friends in Spain. The *Daily Express* reported that Profumo had offered to resign; it was denied with restrained indignation.

The Labor M.P.s in Commons were not willing to let the opportunity pass, however, and on the night of March 21 they succeeded in getting Profumo summoned to the House, where he was, as the tabloids usually put it, grilled. Next morning the Minister of State for War appeared before the House and made his now famous statement that he had nothing to do with Miss Keeler's disappearance, and that "there was no impropriety whatsoever in my acquaintanceship with Miss Keeler." Then he threatened the press directly: "I shall not hesitate to issue writs for libel and slander if scandalous allegations are made or repeated outside the House."

Some allegations had already been made, by two non-British magazines, *Paris Match* and *Il Tempo Illustrato*. Mr. Profumo had libel writs issued against both. The magazines carrying the stories were banned from Britain, and their British distributor publicly apologized in open court, meanwhile giving the plaintiff a substantial sum in lieu of possible damages that might have been assessed had the case been tried. In a fit of conscience, Profumo gave this money to an Army charity. Only a few days before, the *Sunday Mirror* had returned Profumo's "Darling" letter to his solicitors, thoughtfully keeping a copy for themselves. A few days later, Miss Keeler was attacked by another of her West Indian friends, one "Lucky" Gordon.

But now the affair moved rapidly to its first dramatic climax. Early in May, Dr. Ward told the Prime Minister's principal private secretary, T. J. Bligh, that Profumo had misled the House. Charged with it, the Secretary denied his guilt a second time. There was further backstage maneuvering by the government, ending in an order to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Dilhorne, to investigate the security aspects of the affair, and Profumo was summoned home from Italy to face his accusers once more.

IN all this time, Profumo had not issued any libel writs against a British publication. It was not necessary. They were treating the developing story as though it were a carefully kept secret, and it may be true, as the *Sunday Express* recently charged, that Profumo thought he would "get away with it" because the libel laws would prevent the press from digging into the story and exposing him. So they might have, but government pressure was now too much for Profumo. He admitted his lie, and resigned. Three days later Dr. Ward was arrested at high noon, while walking abroad in his carpet slippers, and charged with living from immoral earnings. Next day the *Mirror*, feeling itself safe, published Profumo's letter, and the *News of the World*, most sensational of the Sunday tabloids, began to publish Miss Keeler's own story.

With these developments the press was unleashed and in full cry. It was a spectacle quite foreign to American eyes. What was different in Britain was the press's examination of itself, of its position in the affair, of its own editorial viewpoints. Such candid criticism is virtually unknown in the private club which is American newspaper ownership.

The *Mirror* was sharply criticized for not showing its precious letter to the government, but this was a minor matter compared to the great debate over a *Times* editorial, written by its editor of the past decade, Sir William Haley. Once known as "The Thunderer," the *Times* had not thundered much for some time, but the Profumo affair outraged Sir William.

Sir William was already on record as believing that people ought to make less money and work more, and that a newspaper should be a moral force. During the Vassall case he had written a fairly thundering editorial asserting that "It *is* happening here," and sounding an ominous warning of unlimited executive power if the press were muzzled by restrictive laws. Now he thundered again in an editorial which contained a sentence soon much quoted: "It *is* a moral issue."

That was the core of the debate, and the division of the newspapers represented the division in British opinion. Some papers followed the *Times* in taking a high tone of moral indignation. The tabloids, with ill-concealed glee, recalled past public scandals in gaudy detail. There was talk of a British *dolce vita*, incongruous as it might sound. America was blamed for the decay of morality. But then came the clear, acidulous voice of the *Observer*, Britain's and possibly the world's best paper: "To lump Miss Keeler, as the *Times* seemed to do, with the decline of religion, the faults of the affluent

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society and the failure of the economy is ludicrous."

Should the libel laws be changed? Oddly enough, the papers did not agree on that point either. "The libel laws must never again be allowed to become a weapon for suppressing the truth," the *Sunday Express* declared in its grandest manner. ". . . There cannot be a free Press unless newspapers are given much wider latitude for fair comment and reasonable deduction." But on the same day the *Observer* was observing testily: "Should these laws be relaxed in order to enable the Press to act as public watchdogs and hound delinquent public figures? The answer must surely be negative since it is no part of the duty of the Press to spend its time ferreting out the sexual weaknesses of individuals. . . ."

Perhaps the most surprising development, however, was the way even the Conservative press turned against Macmillan in his hour of trial. The defection of the newspapers was a prime factor in the subsequent events which seemed to lead inevitably, as these words were written, to the Prime Minister's early resignation.

THE astonishing leader in this retreat was that stern upholder of Conservatism, the *Times*. Sir William seemed to feel that the Prime Minister, while not personally suspect, was the man responsible for the deplorable weakening of British moral fiber. He printed two and a half columns of approving reader reaction to his "It *is* a moral issue" editorial, but as the *Sunday Times* (no relation) pointed out acidly, many of these letters "had addresses suggesting the squirearchy and urban middle-class . . . the very people who three months ago were castigating the Press in the same columns, to the alarm of The Times."

Another major defector was the *Daily Telegraph*, which had long upheld Conservative Prime Ministers but now could be seen sharpening its ax, meanwhile giving approving signals to its favorite, Lord Hailsham, presumably standing in the wings. The motivating force in this switch was said to be Lady Pamela Berry, wife of the *Telegraph's* editor-in-chief, a no-nonsense girl, daughter of Lord Birkenhead, whose drawing-room salon in Cowley Street, in the very shadow of Westminster, occupies somewhat the same position in British political life as Pearl Mesta's parties once did in Washington. Lady Pamela inspired the *Telegraph's* frontal assault on Anthony Eden in 1956, it was recalled, and had recently been priming the guns for a bombardment of Macmillan, whom she was said to describe to her influential friends as a man who had lost control of his party and would have to go before any further disgraceful developments could take place.

In the process of defecting during the crisis week before Macmillan's June 17 confrontation with the House, the British papers put on a small show of their own, invisible to the man in the street but indicative of life on Fleet Street.

As Macmillan approached his hour of crisis that week, the primary speculation was whether he could hold his Cabinet together as a united front. By the Wednesday night before, neither press nor radio had hinted at any revolt in Cabinet ranks, and when the *Telegraph's* first Thursday edition appeared on the streets shortly after press time, 10 P.M., the headline read: "A Cabinet Rallied by P.M.—No Resignations at Profumo Meeting—Silence Before the Commons Storm."

Almost simultaneously the *Daily Express* and the *Times* emerged with startling stories that Enoch Powell, the Minister of Health, was not satisfied with Macmillan's explanation and might resign. Three other resignations were more or less freely predicted.

There was a frantic burst of activity up and down Fleet Street. The *Telegraph's* next edition appeared after midnight with a new headline: "Cabinet Divided on Profumo—Four Ministers Question Leadership—Mr. Powell Gravely Disturbed." Meanwhile the other papers were busy pursuing these Cabinet doubters and succeeded in getting denials from two of them. One, Sir Edward Boyle, Minister of Education, had disappeared into the fastnesses of the Carlton Club where he could not be followed without revolutionizing British club life.

The other papers could not understand how the *Times* and the *Express* had got their story. At first it was surmised that it had come from a Tory backbencher, Nigel Birch, who had long been after the Prime Minister's head. Mr. Birch denied it. It was also hinted darkly that those publishers with club connection had used their proximity to fellow members in high places for commercial purposes. It was recalled that the *Times* had been noted for this kind of reporting in past years, when whatever was being said by the Establishment in the privacy of their clubs would inevitably appear in the editorial columns of the *Times*, where it could be regarded as official.

Subsequent speculation has been abundant, but the sources of the story on the Cabinet split have not yet been revealed and may never be. There is no doubt that whether it was true or not, and apparently it was not, it was a final nail in the Prime Minister's coffin at a critical hour, driven there by two newspapers that had supported him in the past.

If all this turmoil sounds rather grim, it was not without its humor. One commentator, for example, remarked that the Profumo case proved conclusively that a girl could get into British politics. But it was the *Observer* that capped the story.

One of its caps appeared in an unusual place, the real estate advertising columns in which there runs regularly, to the constant delight of its readers, the offerings of E. H. Brooks & Son, whose proprietor, Roy Brooks, has brought utter candor to real estate advertising, usually innocent of it. ("This sordid affair is on 4 flrs each with 2 rms," he wrote recently of one offering. "The lavatory pan in the grnd flr back addition is the solitary concession to the mad rush of our mechanized civilization.")

Mr. Brooks's column of ads is often preceded by an editorial paragraph of his own pungent observations. The Profumo affair moved him to write: "With the hand of conscience reaching for the first stone, who knows what further revelations will continue to rock the Stock Market & tumble house prices? Over tea at the Athenaeum recently a friend told me that another member had sent anonymous, identical telegrams to all the Bishops staying at the time (five, I believe): *All is discovered—leave Town at once*. Without saying anything they all left immediately. If *you* want to sell before the rot sets in please let us know."

The other comment came from the *Observer* columnist Michael Frayne, whose work was introduced to American audiences late this spring in a book of collected essays. "The Government," said Mr. Frayne, "has made small slips before, of course. It has made minor errors of economic policy. It has occasionally deported the wrong people. It has gambled on the wrong defence system. It invaded the wrong country. All these peccadilloes could be forgiven—none of them involved anything worse than the loss of a few hundred lives, or the waste of a hundred million pounds, or putting half a million men out of work. But now a member of the Government has *slept with the wrong woman*, and as a consequence severely strained this country's newsprint resources."

There was no rejoinder from the *Times*.

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Madison Avenue

The Restive Researchers

MORE than three decades ago one of the pioneers of advertising, Albert D. Lasker, defined market research as "something that tells you that a jackass has two ears."

Since Mr. Lasker's blunt pronouncement, market research has mushroomed into a vast industry commanding the talents of thousands of psychologists, sociologists, and statisticians. But every once in a while something happens to remind people that research is eminently fallible and that maybe there is a germ of truth in his remark.

Back in 1948, for example, after all the pollsters picked Dewey over Truman, many businessmen wondered whether the researchers' marketing forecasts were as far afield as their political prognostications.

A couple of months ago, long after researchers had put most of these doubts to rest, a Congressional subcommittee set loose still another storm. This time the main target was the TV and radio rating services. The Congressional investigators turned up serious flaws in the rating services' research procedures. Samples were poorly designed, interviewers faked their interviews, and even the automatic monitoring devices were providing distorted information (*e.g.*, some monitored radios and TV sets were left on all day to pacify children or family pets).

Once again, many businessmen were prompted to inquire: If the research companies are so inaccurate in their broadcast research, are their other findings any more reliable?

Indeed, the ratings controversy has led many companies to reassess their market research operations and to ponder anew whether or not they aren't placing too much faith in what some critics have called "the Great God Research."

Though the professional researchers have stoutly defended their methodology, some have confided candidly that a periodic "reassessment" such as the present one does have its therapeutic effects. Like any industry that has grown fast, they note, the research business has more than its share of charlatans. Leading researchers are convinced, however, that their field will emerge stronger than ever from the present "bloodbath."

It's hard to pinpoint when market research got its start. Archibald Crossley was actually conducting formal field surveys as long ago as 1919. But it was not until the 1930s that the demand for systematized marketing data began to widen, and not until the late 1940s that a major influx of scientists (and pseudo-scientists) into the field got under way. Membership in the American Marketing Association soared from 1,500 to 6,500 in the decade following 1945, and ad men who never took a semester of psychology were casually dropping terms like random sample, image profile, and depth interview.

The newly formed research firms provided a vast spectrum of research activities. On the one extreme were the straight "nose-counters" who could marshall hundreds of interviewers to find out how many people were using Brand X or watching Program Y. At the other extreme were the "motivation researchers" whose manipulation of Freudian psychology led semanticist S. I. Hayakawa to label them "harlot scientists."

Whatever their specialties, the researchers could pretty well make whatever claim they wanted for their various services. There were no prescribed professional standards to measure up to, no professional society to rule on unethical practices. "It has always been true of this business that anyone could say anything," observes William Capitman, president of the Center for Research in Marketing. "A research firm can interview two people and sell its findings as scientific research."

Given this absence of standards, many businessmen quickly fell into two bad habits. First, they tended to accept any "study" at face value, without proper examination of methodology. Second, though risking considerable capital on the research findings, businessmen budgeted ridiculously little money for the studies themselves.

The effects of this bargain-basement approach were made vividly apparent in the ratings investigation. When confronted with evidence of faked interviews and falsified data, the research firms acknowledged that their research was weak but claimed that it was all they could provide at existing prices. The immensely profitable radio and TV networks, they noted, spent only $1,500,000 on ratings during 1962—a rather pitiable sum considering the sweeping decisions that are based on the data provided.

THERE are signs that this penny-pinching situation may be corrected. Several trade associations have announced extensive research projects to probe ratings methodology. Proposals are being evolved to provide industry-wide audits of research procedures. All this will cost money—but suddenly the money has become available, thanks to the pressure from Washington.

Meanwhile, throughout the business world, executives are starting to exhibit a healthy skepticism toward research in general. Advertising copy writers, who long have had to tailor their ads rigidly to the findings of the research department, are being given some creative latitude—and the quality of the ads is showing a commensurate improvement.

Businessmen are recalling that, despite the reputed magic of research, no one successfully forecast the latent demand for compact cars. No researcher was able to tell Ford that the Edsel wouldn't sell. No researcher predicted the present popularity of gourmet or diet foods or the recent collapse in the market for most makes of foreign cars.

Indeed, it is now widely recognized that research can do more than count jackass ears. But business has learned that buying research is like buying any other service—at best, you get what you pay for. —PETER BART.

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SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A BOOK

By PAUL R. REYNOLDS, *well-known New York literary agent, and author of the forthcoming book "The Writing and Selling of Nonfiction" (Doubleday), from which the following article is adapted.*

THE SEGMENT of the book industry that sells books in hard covers through bookstores has changed little in the last 100 years. The business is custom-ridden and is managed on old-fashioned and unscientific lines. Nevertheless, it can be the road to fame and money for the author.

It can be, but often is not. Take the case of the ordinary nonfiction book one buys in a bookstore. Here, the reasons for success or failure are so complex, and in many cases so obscure, that few authors themselves fully understand them. In varying degrees, they involve the reviews, advertising and publicity, the peculiar nature of the best-seller lists, the physical appearance of the book—and, finally, what the book itself has to say. It is difficult to describe all these factors adequately, or even suggest all the rewards and pitfalls of the writer.

A total of 16,448 new books were published in 1962, of which 7,822 were nonfiction. Ninety-five per cent of them were first published in hard covers and sold primarily through bookstores.

I have estimated the earnings of the nonfiction book writer on the basis of my own experience with the business affairs of authors, and on the basis of the estimates made by publishers. Nonetheless, the reader must take these figures as a guess, although possibly an educated guess.

Authors of the 7,822 nonfiction books published in 1962 will average more than $3,500 a book, so that the total earnings of all these books will exceed $27,000,000. This will be distributed somewhat as follows:

50 authors earned or will earn more than $50,000 from one book;

250 authors earned or will earn more than $20,000 from one book;

2,000 authors earned or will earn more than $4,000 from one book;

5,500 authors earned or will earn less than $4,000 from one book.

Obviously, five out of seven of these writers will be poorly paid for the time and labor expended. This is characteristic of the writing trade in all mediums.

Lack of success with a book is often a severe emotional blow to the author. Publication day is the start of what the author hopes will be mass distribution of his product. The day arrives for the author like any other day. His publisher may telegraph congratulations, giving him something to paste in his scrapbook. The author's friends are ignorant of his book unless his wife has talked about it, and none of them has read it or will read it. As the days go by, reviews trickle in from various parts of the country. In every case the reviews are short, sometimes just a mention of the book; usually they are favorable. Perhaps the publisher takes one small advertisement in the *New York Times Book Review*. The author waits and hopes; nothing more happens. The author blames his publisher for not advertising his book ("How can my book sell if no one knows about it?"). And he blames his publisher because, on a trip to Chicago, he found three bookstores that did not have a single copy of his book.

Six months or more after publication the author receives a royalty statement. Only 1,904 copies were sold to bookstores. Of these, 402 were returned by bookstores to the publisher; the total number of copies sold to the public was thus 1,502. There is an earned royalty of about $750. Since the author was paid $2,000 in advance, there is no money due him and there never will be. He does not blame the quality of his book or the whims of popular taste; he puts the blame mildly upon his agent, strongly upon his publisher.

This gloomy progression of events is reproduced several thousand times each year. It is a sad picture, but not as sad or as pointless as the author imagines. Let us suppose he wrote the book in his spare time, working an average of ten hours a week for a year. He therefore devoted some 500 hours to researching and writing the book. His rate of pay was $4 an hour. But through his book he has also added zest to the adventure of living and enriched his life in other ways than with money. I have met hundreds of writers who were angry at their publishers because of the small sale of their books, but I don't remember ever meeting one who regretted the weary labor of writing or the excitement or sorrow of publishing a book, even though its sale was microscopic.

A book can be unsuccessful, or it can be a best-seller. What is a best-seller? It is, at best, a loose term. The *New York Times* and various other newspapers get reports from bookstores on what books sold in the largest quantities during the previous week. From these reports best-seller lists are compiled. The bookstores are inaccurate in their reports, partly because they rarely collate their sales figures week by week, partly because accuracy does not seem to them important.

Despite the inaccuracies, the books on the top of the *New York Times* best-seller list are the books being talked about and being sold in large quantities. *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* sold 348,107 copies in the bookstore edition from October 1960 to September 1962. It was on the *New York Times* best-seller list for eighty weeks and held top place for thirty-nine weeks.

WHAT causes a book to be at the top, have an enormous sale, be a best-seller?

Favorable reviews in themselves do not sell books. Most reviews are favorable. Over and over again books are published, are reviewed prominently and in glowing terms, and sell only 3,000 copies or so. Nor will publicity in itself sell a book. In March 1960 a really fine book entitled *This Is Where I Came In* was published. Because of the author's close friendship with the heads of both the Associated Press and the United Press, and because of the timeliness of the book itself, feature articles praising the book ran in nearly every daily paper in America, many of them starting on the front page. The sale of the book was 1,718 copies.

If reviews or publicity will not sell a book, advertising cannot be expected to. Publishers have tried advertising over and over again without success. Advertising in itself will never sell a book.

What can a publisher do to sell a book? He can package his product well,

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go through the publishing motions efficiently, and hope for the best. A good title, an effective jacket, a strong sales force, and suitable publicity and advertising will increase the sale of any book. But, in themselves, they will never make any book a best-seller. Perhaps a book that has been produced haphazardly and distributed inefficiently will sell 2,000 copies, whereas, properly packaged and handled, it would have sold 4,000 copies. With best-sellers the sales ratio between a good publishing job and a poor one is not as great, although the difference in copies sold is much greater. Perhaps a good publishing job can sell 75,000 copies of a book that would otherwise sell 50,000. The publisher's activity by itself never makes a best-seller.

But what does make a book sell? The major factor is a book of such a nature that one person who reads it recommends it to another. Mrs. Smith asks Mrs. Jones, "Have you read *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*?" result in a best-seller. Word-of-mouth occur a few hundred times with a resulting modest sale, or it may occur thousands and thousands of times and result in a best-seller. Word-of-mouth recommendation may continue for a year or more, or it may die within a month.

The quality of the book, what is between the first page and the last, is the big factor in a successful sale. The publisher has a limited role. Just as a bad surgeon can save a patient's life and a good surgeon can lose a patient, so it is with publishers. No matter how bad the publisher, a book with the requisite qualities will sell; the best publisher in the country cannot sell a book that readers do not recommend to each other.

Do publishers recognize a best-seller when they read the manuscript? No, but by publication date the publisher knows whether he has either a failure or a book that will earn its way but not sell in large quantities, or a best-seller. The reaction in the trade can be wrong but usually is not. One can almost smell a best-seller.

The author of a successful nonfiction book tends to follow a pattern. The author has awakened one fine morning to find himself famous. He is elated. The letters, the telephone calls, the requests for him to speak, to autograph copies, to meet other well-known people, to do this and that keep him pleasantly occupied for several months. His friends congratulate him. A few even read his book and wonder secretly how he was able to write it. Much as he hoped for success, the rewards in acclaim and in money are far greater than he ever dreamed of. If his contracts are properly drawn, he is carried financially for two or more years, the length of time depending upon whether there was a book club selection, a big magazine sale, a large paperback reprint deal, or even a motion picture, or perhaps just depending upon how many copies were sold through bookstores.

BUT no book remains on the best-seller list forever. Royalties ultimately cease, and the author, if he is to support himself, must continue to write. He researches and writes a second nonfiction book, for which he has already received a contract from his publisher at attractive terms. The publisher accepts the new book without waxing overenthusiastic. It is published. Perhaps the second book sells 20,000 copies. Compared to most other books it is a success. Compared to the author's previous book, the best-seller, it is an out-and-out failure.

However, such an author writes a third book, and then a fourth, and many after that.

Books can be failures; many are. Books can also be successful; more are than authors realize. But the careers of most books, and hence of most authors, are not at the top or at the bottom. Books sell in quantities ranging from under 2,000 to over 500,000 copies. Half or more of all published books are modest successes, make some money for author and publisher, do not make the author rich or famous, but appreciably add to his income and his prestige. A book on flower arranging will probably have only a modest sale, but the author may be reasonably well paid for her efforts, and acclaim may reach her in the form of numerous requests to speak before garden clubs. The author has become an admired expert in something that women are interested in. Moreover, the large number of writers who make a modest success may always strive for something higher with the next book. There is no ceiling to possible success.

Every writer has three problems that are common in every walk of life but are accentuated in the world of the written word. The first problem is for the writer to make himself work. Some writers live in an atmosphere of compulsion. Once they are started, an in-

"I'm sorry, my money is all tied up in dancing lessons."

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ner force drives them to research, write, research, write. Winston Churchill in a speech said:

> Writing a book is an adventure; to begin with it is a toy and an amusement, then it becomes a mistress, and then it becomes a master, and then it becomes a tyrant; and the last phase is just as you are about to be reconciled to your servitude—you kill the monster and fling him . . . to the public.

Nearly all writers feel this compulsion occasionally, perhaps when they are on the final chapter of a book. But the average day for most writers is one in which they would like to loaf, do anything but research, organize, write, and rewrite.

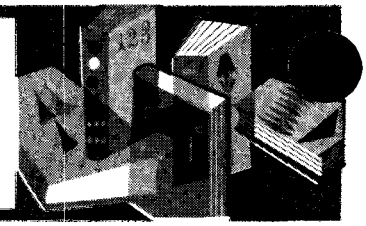
Some writers get lazier and lazier, and often, with the help of drink, ruin their lives. The majority learn the art of self-whipping.

THE second problem of the writer is to keep up with the times, keep in tune with the ever-changing thoughts, hopes, fears, beliefs, accomplishments, and failures of mankind. This is necessary for the writer's own creativity. The good writer is usually an avid reader, a good and constant listener, ever seeking different types of people. Often he is an assiduous traveler. The writer who plays bridge every Friday, golfs every weekend, sees in rotation the same people, and scarcely leaves his house for a night except at Christmas when he visits his old mother, such a writer is heading for trouble. The successful writer is a dynamo of energy in his work and a constructive loafer in his play, which he continually varies.

The third problem for the book writer is how he shall direct his energies. The article writer is directed by the needs and dictates of magazine editors. The book writer must direct himself.

Writers are subject to two dangers. Depression and discouragement are the first danger. Egotism and a swelled head are the second. These dangers exist in all occupations. But the writer, whose work is so lonely, is peculiarly liable to depression and discouragement, and when he is successful, he receives so much publicity that he is especially vulnerable to the threat of egotism and a swelled head. The biggest factor in success is to learn one's trade and then indulge in that old-fashioned virtue of hard work over a long and continuous period of time. As for the danger of a swelled head, that affects only the highly successful, and while it is hard to live with, it is still one of life's minor troubles.

Books in Communications



Who Should Tell What?

EVERY so often, in the rocket-rattling thrust and parry of the cold war, propaganda rather than power becomes a major theme. There is a U-2 incident, a Bay of Pigs invasion, or an impolitic politician's offhand remark, and predictably our concern shifts from the balance of power to the balance of propaganda. We are worried, at least until the headlines let us forget, about something called our "image." Do other people know us as we really are? Do they love us?

Largely overlooked, however, in between these attacks of national self-consciousness, is the fact that a deluge of propaganda, good and bad, effective and inane, streams from our shores every day. Each time the Voice of America goes on the air, or the President makes a speech, or a businessman takes an overseas trip, or a college sophomore heads abroad for the summer, one or another impression of the United States is given.

It is the haphazardness and the frequent purposelessness of these impressions that raise an uneasy question: Is our propaganda, broadly defined, serving our interests as well as it could? This is the question examined by Walter Joyce, an editor of the advertising trade journal *Printer's Ink*, in *The Propaganda Gap* (Harper & Row, $3.95), and his answer is an unequivocal no. Indeed, his very first sentence sets the mood: "While we have mustered our defenses for the eventuality of a hot war, we may be in dire danger of losing the ideological struggle for the minds of men."

And if we choose to accept, as Joyce does, the thesis that much of our propaganda effort has been misguided and inept, a second question presents itself: Would we do better under some form of centralized direction to insure the neat meshing of all the cogs in the propaganda machine? Here, the author's reply is an unequivocal yes. The difficulty thus far, he says, is this:

> Our propaganda program has been a disappointment because it has not been a propaganda program at all, but an information program. It has been an information program conducted not by advertising men, but by lower-level diplomats and former educators and newspapermen. This is not to suggest that an advertising agency should take over our propaganda program, although there is good reason to believe that it would be an improvement. But this does suggest that the propaganda program should be directed and conducted by persons knowledgeable in the techniques of persuasion.

The solution, Joyce suggests, lies in something called "total communication," the basic principle of which is described in these ringing words: "Say and do as little as possible until you have determined, as much as possible, how it will affect others." (The same principle might also, I suppose, be paraphrased as "Look before you leap.") Thus guided and girded, we would custom-tool all our propag[illegible] to bring about the precise result[illegible] want. Specifically, Joyce advocates a broad-scale program that would enlist the help of U.S. businesses overseas, elevate the status of the United States Information Agency, and establish a Freedom Academy to "train cold war fighters as West Point trains military leaders."

THE snag in all this, as Joyce himself recognizes, is that a free society is inclined to recoil at the notion of engaging in the sort of propaganda programs now being undertaken by the Soviet Union. But he argues that this is a needless fear: "It is altogether possible for our government to spell out its policies and objectives in the ideological battle, demand that officials of the Administration adhere to them, and encourage private citizens and organizations to help in the pursuit of them. . . . A massive program of persuasion can be conducted by an open society and can be successful specifically because of our freedoms. . . ."

Although *The Propaganda Gap* is written as an argument for more carefully planned persuasion, in the [illegible] the book itself fails to persuade be[illegible] it never convincingly answers the au[illegible] thors own question: "Can a moral people use propaganda?" But that, of course, is a question each man must answer for himself.

—JAMES F. FIXX.

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Audio/Video

The Shadow Strikes Again

A GENERATION ago, an elusive character called The Shadow flitted mysteriously through the episodes of a popular radio series. Listeners with long memories will be amused to learn that he turned up one recent noon in Chicago carrying a picket sign in front of the international headquarters of the A. C. Nielsen Company, the world's largest marketing research organization and the giant of the television and radio rating services. "I Listen to the Dan Sorkin Show," ran the legend on The Shadow's uplifted placard, and it was signed "Lamont Cranston" (his real name).

The man whose show he listens to was standing on top of a truck from which free hamburgers and coffee were distributed. According to Mr. Sorkin, a Chicago radio disc jockey, more than 60 other demonstrators were also there, many of them carrying messages such as: "A. C. Stands for Accurate Count?" "Who Ever Surveyed A. C. Nielsen?" and "A. C. Who?"

Nielsen employees grinned at the windows. Occasionally, as Sorkin tells it, grim-faced executives would appear and look down, but "We waved our signs at them, and like vampires they shrank away."

The disc jockey had master-minded the spoof, which provided both publicity and fun for him. But underneath the fun there was a valid point. It all started when one of Sorkin's "spies" who works for Nielsen sent the disc jockey a Nielsen Station Index for the Chicago area. In certain average quarter-hour periods of his morning show for WCFL (6:15 to 9:30 A.M.) the NSI showed a 0.3 rating with no share of audience. A footnote explained that the figure was an arbitrary symbol for an audience "below minimum reporting standards," and another entry explained that the designation is used to "avoid the connotation of zero audiences." Elsewhere, it is true, Nielsen did show that Mr. Sorkin had reportable ratings for certain periods. In fact, in form letters which Nielsen sent to Sorkin fans, a survey executive wrote: ". . . in going back through our reports for the last few months, I find that Mr. Sorkin's four-week audience (for only one of his quarter-hours) typically ranges in the tens of thousands of names." But the over-all impression was that Mr. Sorkin's audience was very small indeed.

The disc jockey, who has been described by Irv Kupcinet, the well-known Chicago columnist, as "bright, brash, and socially conscious," ignored Nielsen's qualifying footnotes. He announced to his listeners that they were ghosts, that they did not exist: Nielsen had said so. If they were real, he urged, they should both write to the rating service and join him in a mass protest before Nielsen headquarters. Ed Sachs, a WCFL listener who first brought the Sorkin affair to my attention, wrote me that "the listeners protested in large numbers. The Nielsen switchboard was swamped by calls from Sorkinites and the mail room flooded with letters." A Nielsen spokesman admitted to "70 or 80 letters"; he conceded that the mass demonstration in which The Shadow carried a picket sign numbered "about 30 or 40 kids in blue jeans." I saw copies of representative letters sent by the protesters to Nielsen. Wrote one listener: "Years ago I invested a considerable amount of time, money, and effort, via psychoanalysis, to re-establish my personality. Now I am told that I do not exist. My question is, should I ask my psychoanalyst for the return of my money . . . ?" Another wrote: "I really had a nasty shock two days ago as I stood looking at my bathroom mirror shaving myself and heard over the radio that I was nonexistent. *Something* bled!" A third, a founding director of the Advertising Research Foundation, wrote: "I personally know of at least twenty people, all in the advertising business (agency men, space reps, advertising managers), who consistently listen to WCFL in the morning, many of them while driving to their offices."

WCFL subscribes not to Nielsen but to Pulse, a rival rating service that places Sorkin "fifth or sixth" in audience on the morning list of Chicago-area programs. But he has been sold out for three years; more sponsors, he said, would "embarrass us—we wouldn't know where to put them."

Sorkin may have distorted the interpretation of the Nielsen figures for his listeners, but he certainly struck a blow for individual identity, which is too often sacrificed to gross statistics keyed only to the needs of advertisers.

That Congress, the FCC, the FTC, the broadcasters, and the advertising agencies have been made sharply aware of "the ratings mess" is evidenced by the reforms being widely urged or adopted. Radio is especially vulnerable because its audience has been split into many small fragments, scattered in autos and streets as well as homes. In sampling Sorkin's audience in Chicago, Nielsen never counted autos and transistors. As for Lamont Cranston, he may have gone back into hiding after the Chicago demonstration, but not before The Shadow had shown again that there is a higher law. I found the following item in a recent issue of the trade journal *Broadcasting*: "There's a good chance A. C. Nielsen Co. will withdraw shortly from local radio ratings business. Effective date isn't certain but announcement may come this week."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LEND ME YOUR I's

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, invites you to add an I to each of the following words (in the proper place, retaining the original sequence of the letters) and forming another word. Example: MOST becomes MOIST. Answers on page 53.

1. CHASE
2. COAT
3. CONFER
4. HERON
5. MARRED
6. NAVE
7. ORDNANCE
8. PLAN
9. PLOT
10. PRATE
11. RUN
12. SOLD
13. STARS
14. TRADE
15. WATER

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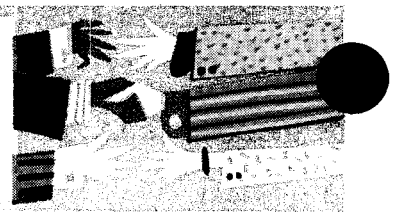

Out in the Open

RESPONSIBLE public relations practitioners are distressed by the Securities and Exchange Commission's report on corporate publicity and public relations. The distress arises not so much from the recommendations in the report as from what it reveals about the practices of fringe operators in public relations.

In calm fashion, without any attempt to stand the reader's hair on end, the SEC has drawn a picture of some aspects of financial public relations that are shocking. The practices described were not completely unknown, but because they have been documented in the report there is now no doubt about their existence.

In a business that has grown quickly since the middle 1930s, the financial public relations specialists have had a phenomenal growth in the past few years. The *Financial Publicists Directory*, a useful yardstick of the growth of financial public relations, lists in its 1962 issue some 600 firms, an increase of 23 per cent over 1961. With this growth have come practices that have resulted in the distribution of false and misleading information, stock-pushing, and conflicts of interest that make a

shambles of any semblance of ethical practice.

While it is true that the shenanigans have been the work of relatively few in the business, the SEC felt it important enough, on the basis of its study, to say that "there is evidence that a substantial number of issuers and financial publicists have engaged in them, and they pose serious problems."

The report outlines cases of public relations firms being paid in clients' stock, a practice that has raised conflict-of-interest questions too serious to ignore. Some financial public relations firms have promoted the stock, without revealing their holdings, until the price went up. Then they have sold, just as the public was buying. According to the SEC report, the practice of paying firms in stock "gives the publicist an incentive to try to increase the price of the client's stock rather than to disseminate unbiased corporate information."

A few public relations people, oversensitive to the faults in their business and preferring to sweep bad practices under the rug, have accused the SEC of giving the public relations business a bad name, or of being opposed to financial public relations.

The facts are that the SEC did not give public relations a bad reputation. The bad reputation comes from those charlatans, and in some cases outright dishonest practitioners, who have acted in a fashion that no self-respecting public relations man would condone. In addition, the SEC has long encouraged publicly held corporations to use publicity and public relations to provide honest information to the investing public.

Nor does the SEC report tackle the unethical practices of public relations practitioners alone. It makes it clear that there is also a responsibility on the part of the financial press and security analysts. The financial press sometimes fails to look behind a press release and too often publishes puffs in place of news. As for the security analysts, they too often depend on public relations material rather than official disclosures or independent research as the basis of the investment advice they give the public.

The Public Relations Society of America, with more than 4,000 members, is as deeply worried about what the SEC report says as are many of the leading public relations firms. It has appointed a special seven-member advisory group to work with the SEC and its staff in "the development of effective means to prevent improper practices in the financial public relations field."

The problem of discipline of members of the PRSA is an important one, and what the PRSA does will be watched with interest by its members and the general public. In many cases, of course, the PRSA has no jurisdiction

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since some unethical firms are not members.

Still another problem for the PRSA involves a recommendation in the SEC report which, in its careful words, asks for consideration of a statute that would provide penalties for intentional or reckless dissemination of false and misleading statements that may reasonably be expected to affect transactions involving the issuer's securities. Here is a recommendation which, if put into effect, would do a great deal to curb the slick operators. The ethical practitioner need have no worry on this score since the key words here are "intentional or reckless." Surely it would seem reasonable that there should be statutory penalties against the release of false information made intentionally or recklessly.

There are many reputable public relations people who oppose legislation of the sort recommended by the SEC report. They feel that the other way of stopping the evil practices is by self-regulation. The chances that such self-regulation would be effective, however, are remote if experience is a guide.

THE sad thing about all this is that in cases outlined in the SEC report the bad drives out the good. It corrupts so obviously that if no effective action is taken, the highly useful business of public relations can be so besmirched that the marks will be visible for many years.

Another recommendation of the report is that the SEC's rules be changed to compel the disclosure of material facts concerning compensation payable to any public relations counselor or firm in the form of any security of the issuer. There can be no reasonable objection to this change.

The SEC, even if nothing further happens as a result of the report, has done the general public a real service. It has served the honest public relations practitioner well, too, for one of the first steps toward the elimination of unethical practices is to expose them in the light of publicity.

What Congress will do with the SEC report's recommendations is of great concern to all those who invest in American business. It is of even deeper concern of those who would like to see the sharpies driven out of the public relations business.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Chaise. 2. Coati. 3. Conifer. 4. Heroin. 5. Married. 6. Naive. 7. Ordinance. 8. Plain. 9. Pilot. 10. Pirate. 11. Ruin. 12. Solid. 13. Stairs. 14. Tirade. 15. Waiter.

Caribbean

Continued from page 13

self-help, and self-respect as its guiding premises. "It is the purpose of the Alliance for Progress to enlist the full energies of the peoples and governments of the American republics in a great cooperative effort to accelerate the economic and social development of the participating countries of Latin America, so that they may achieve maximum levels of well-being, with equal opportunities for all, in democratic societies adapted to their own needs and desires." Thus reads the charter approved by all the republics of the hemisphere, save Cuba, at Punta del Este, Uruguay, in 1961. It is indeed a noble purpose and one which the United States will do well to foster to the utmost. Yet there is a basic ingredient that is absent and that inevitably must be missing as long as present discrepancies in resources, techniques, and wealth continue to prevail. As long as housing, literacy, health, land reform, stable currency and prices, and industrialization are the principal goals, the Alliance must stand as a unilateral tender of assistance and a unilateral invitation to maturity flowing from the United States to the countries south of the Rio Grande. It is difficult and even offensive for proud people to be exclusively at the receiving end. But how can it be otherwise as long as the indexes of production, consumption, and distribution provide the criteria for well-being?

There is no technological lag in industrially advanced American society. But in one of the other great revolutions of our times there is a lag that the most "underdeveloped" communities throughout this hemisphere have surpassed. That is the revolution of equality, a revolution that fortunately has now become the greatest problem facing the United States today. It may well happen that the successful resolution or even the courageous tackling of the unfinished agenda of the Civil War may by itself restore to the United States the admiration that it merited so eminently before the turn of the nineteenth century. For understanding and solidarity come much more easily to the hemisphere in moments of trial and difficulty.

These facts in no way detract from the important role of the Alliance for Progress as an instrument of hemispheric unity. Because of the very differences in the developmental stages which the Punta del Este Charter wishes to bridge, the Alliance for Progress cannot provide by itself a common ground of equality. But the revolutionary situation in which United States finds itself may.

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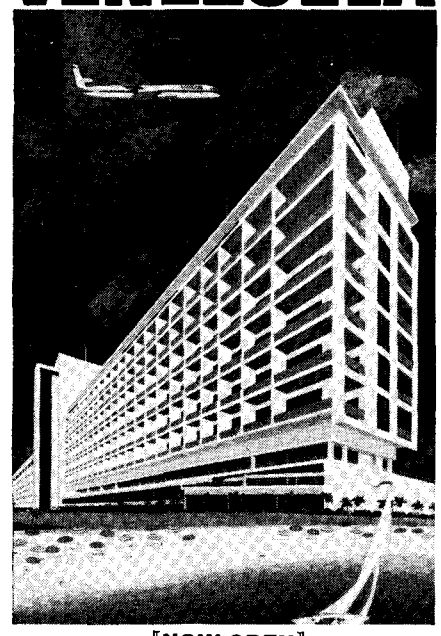

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Editorial

(*Continued from page 14*)

declared objective of all Latin American governments save Cuba.

Increasingly it is plain that with solid support the Alliance program can be realized. The ten-year period it envisaged will lay a visible physical economic and psychological foundation—in some places, indeed, it is beginning to pay off now. Ten years from now the economic stage will be set for an explosion of economic progress somewhat comparable to the reconstruction miracle accomplished by the Marshall Plan in Western Europe. True, the Alliance for Progress without defense would have doubtful prospects. Yet defense without the Alliance for Progress would in long range be an impossibility. When Teodoro Moscoso, director of the Alliance for Progress, and his men come before Congress for their next set of appropriations, they are entitled to full support. True, many changes can and should be made. Bureaucracy, both in Washington and in Latin American capitals, can be eliminated. Wider action than mere government-to-government arrangements—coupled with a corresponding speedup in effectiveness—can be worked out. But the main structure of this great program can be maintained, strengthened, and implemented. Latin America is not a "primitive area." Its resources of men, organizing capacity, ideas, and techniques are great. Governor Luis Muñoz Marin of Puerto Rico demonstrated that more progress for more people can be made in quicker time under freedom than under any totalitarianism, let alone under any overseas imperialism. Most Latin American countries are gold mines of natural resources compared to Puerto Rico.

Sentiments of American Congressmen are understandable and command sympathy. Noisy demagogues stalk Latin American politics, seeking votes by attacking Uncle Sam much as Mayor (Big Bill) Thompson of Chicago used to seek votes by promising to punch the King of England. Some vocal and self-appointed spokesmen for Latin American youth declare their dislike of a United States they know only through Communist propaganda. Others indulge a naïve dream (frequently called "Nasserism") that they can create a native nationalist Communism with Russian aid, escape from the imperial leading-strings of Moscow, or perhaps Peking, and establish themselves in semi-hostile isolation, alternately blackmailing, cajoling, and deceiving both the Soviet Union and the United States into granting gifts, loans, preferential markets, or other aid. But, in 1800 European youth flirted with Napoleon's agents seeking help in their private revolutions, only to wind up under the heel of Napoleonic tyranny if not dead at its hands.

The real Latin American masses are not heard, partly because there is no foreign propaganda machine to magnify their voice. These men have no quarrel with the United States. They even like the Monroe Doctrine as a defense against outsiders. They want material progress, education, breaking of outworn social limitations, and reform, assuring that materials and political success shall result in solid dividends to the least favored rather than the most favored Latin American classes. Slowly, perhaps even rapidly, they are becoming fed up with shouters, talkers, and petty brass too often mistaken for Latin American "opinion." They have no wish to be converted into Cuban-type helots, to become serfs of state collectives, to have their families torn apart, to have their teen-age children converted into rifle-toting gangsters. They demonstrated and exulted when American power successfully confronted the Russians in Cuba last October, regretting only that the American victory was not more complete. If these people could speak, Washington impressions of Latin America would be quite different from what they now are.

Defense will have more dramatic and transitory crises than will the Alliance for Progress. Yet the slow working of the Alliance as it unrolls can and should lead to a mighty and permanent improvement in Latin American conditions. To this plow the United States has set its hand. Defense, economics, common sense, and common humanity all indicate that it should not falter now.

—Adolf A. Berle.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1040

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1043 will be found in the next issue.

WXH MCX WRCX CXMGK PR

RBBXHG RHX ANR GXLDCXL

PR EX EXFRZXG PNMH RHX

ANR ADLNXL PR EX BXMCXG.

WMQNDMZXFFD

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1039

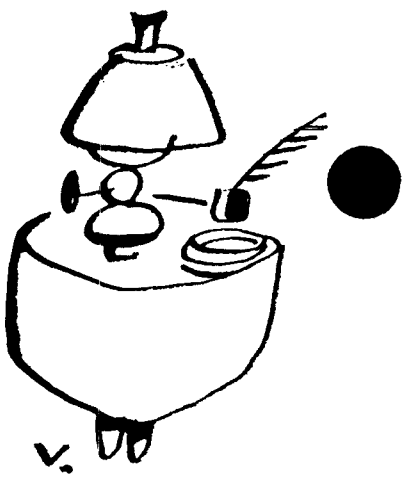
You can force anything upon society in the way of entertainment except the consistent pursuit of a topic.

—Goethe.

Booked for Travel

Continued from page 19

which for a limited period in its history was known as Orasul Stalin. For reasons that are somehow unexplained, its Hotel Carpati is probably the best in all Rumania. Where the service in Bucharest is rumpled and unprofessional, in Brasov it snaps with efficiency and élan. Where the rooms in Bucharest are dreary, the appearance here is crisp and starched. The hotel's rooftop terrace offers a panorama over all the ancient town and the mountains in which it lives, but the garden dining room is graceful, too, and waits for foreigners with tiny flags of their country. For those who tour, the Biserica Neagra is a famed fourteenth-century church whose walls were long ago blackened by fire. The houses huddled along the Strada Lunga remain from the eighteenth century, and in the back reaches of the town the carved wooden fences



seem older than that. Jeeps climb the trail higher up to Poiana Brasov, a mountain resort with 127 rooms high in the 3,000-foot levels of the Carpathians. Until the declassification of that deity, Poiana Brasov was, of course, Poiana Stalin. Indeed, this whole section had been permanently renamed the Stalin Region until the day Khrushchev stepped to the podium in the Kremlin and delivered his 1956 address. The 1959 edition of the official Rumanian government guidebook was slow to follow the Khrushchev line, for Brasov is called Orasul Stalin throughout. Oddly enough, after a full day's trip with our drivers and guides from Bucharest to Brasov, and back, a journey that began early in the morning and ended late that night no one ever mentioned that Brasov had ever been renamed for Stalin and then renamed again. If you are a good Communist you're nothing if you're not tractable.

—Horace Sutton.

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Communications Letters

Continued from page 43

produce better letters is to help change the attitudes, the behavior, and sometimes the environment of the people who should be working together.

J. HAROLD JANIS,
Professor of Business Writing,
New York University.
New York, N.Y.

QUALITY AND COMMERCIALS

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON and *SR* are to be commended for the fair and constructive attitude exhibited in his coverage of the 1963 American Television Commercials Festival [*SR*, June 8]. Unlike some other writers, Mr. Shayon shows a decent human respect for the people who work on TV commercials and reveals an understanding of the difficulties they often work under.

Knowing Mr. Shayon as a TV purist, with no built-in love for TV advertisers, one must recognize a fine demonstration of open-mindedness on his part and even, perhaps, compliment him on a considerable, conscious effort to see another side at some pain to his natural feelings. All this is the mark of a well-qualified reporter and commentator.

But most important, by encouraging the festival and acknowledging its influence in the development of better TV advertising, Mr. Shayon has done something to [illegible] situation which, viewing TV commercials as a whole, seriously needs improvement.

FRED LOUNSBERRY,
Campbell-Ewald Company.
Detroit, Mich.

CASE FOR THE DEFENSE

HAVING BEEN INVOLVED in creating annual reports for the last twenty years or so, for a number of America's leading corporations and organizations, I find that I disagree with almost every concept in Reynolds Girdler's provocative article on the subject [*SR*, Apr. 13]:

1. *The size of the audience.* Mr. Girdler says that 6,000 publicly owned companies send 18,000,000 copies of their annual reports to stockholders. This would be an average of only 3,000 stockholders per corporation. But AT&T has over 2,000,000 stockholders, G.M. over 1,000,000, and Mr. Girdler's own Sinclair Oil has over 120,000 stockholders. So I'd be more inclined to go along with John Brook's estimate in a *New Yorker* article, five or six years back, that 40,000,000 copies of annual reports are sent to stockholders—though the field has probably grown quite a bit since then.

2. *Readership survey.* Mr. Girdler cites *Wall Street Journal* citing some Opinion Research Corporation surveys: "Some 37 of every 100 stockholders don't even try to read them" (annual reports). My own firm recently did a survey of 1,000 women stockholders. Our results show that only 6 out of 100 of these *women stockholders* don't bother to read the reports they receive. The rest range, as you would expect, from a "leaf through" to a "read thoroughly" category—with one-third of the women stockholders in the latter group.

3. *Narrative language.* Mr. Girdler feels that the annual report writer is caught in an unbridgeable dichotomy between the terms management feels it must use and the terms understood by the average stockholder audience. I think Mr. Girdler overlooks the fact that a good part of the stockholder audience is motivated to pay attention to an annual report because it represents a company in which they have a financial (and frequently an emotional) investment. If the writer of the annual report's text is similarly strongly motivated, his conviction will usually enable him to get through to his audience despite superficial barriers of trade terms or niceties of writing style.

In this connection, I think particularly of two chief executives with whom I have worked. Both write their own annual report texts—in the Henry James style, with long, elaborate sentences. Both are men who do very little other writing (one is a certified public accountant by training). But both are intensely interested in, and proud of, their companies' achievements—which they've had a big hand in. As a result, both produce interesting and colorful annual report texts. These inspire designers and other people working with them to produce the highest level of report they can. And the consequent combination of text, design, and graphics gets through effectively to their companies' stockholders—as the feedback in mail proves.

4. *Influence of the security analyst.* Mr. Girdler sees the security analyst laying a deadening hand on the annual report—through his influence as a key judge in the annual report prize contest run by a financial magazine. Mr. Girdler says all the analyst is interested in is reams of dull statistics. But quite the contrary point of view was expressed by the president of the New York Society of Security Analysts, Donald B. Macurda, in a recent article: "The financial analyst in opening an annual report is seeking information—factual, pictorial, graphic—about a company and its industry. . . . He looks for orderly presentation of the year's developments and likes the text supported by supplementary tables, pictures, and graphs. He even likes a two- or three-color presentation, for it reduces the tedium of reading."

So I really don't think the picture is at all as grim as Mr. Girdler sees it from his desk. When 40 per cent of the women stockholders we surveyed say reading an annual report has decisively changed their opinion of a company, it seems to me that stockholders are reading—and understanding—reports a great deal more than Mr. Girdler gives them credit for.

HERBERT G. ROSENTHAL,
President, Graphic Institute, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

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(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 55)

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PERSONALS

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VENI, VIDI: My boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 2, New Jersey.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theatre, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

SUMMERLANE, "An American Summerhill." Box 686-R, *Rosman, North Carolina.*

VACATIONS

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, trout fishing. Excellent food, accommodations, genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

ALOHA MANOR FAMILY BUNGALOWS, Farm House Inn Resort, "Sleep-Away" or Day Camp for children. Swimming, sailing, water skiing. Pony, tennis. Golf: 2 miles or 20 at Dartmouth and Summer theatre. Booklet: Harriet Gulick Pierce, Lake Morey, Fairlee, *Vermont.*

WATCH ROCK LODGE, Adirondack, N.Y. On Schroon Lake. Spacious rooms, Jewish-American Cuisine, Sports. Instruction: Dancing, Water Skiing. Sand beach. Excellent children's Day Camp. Family Plan Special. Weekly $66 and $78, child 2/3. FLushing 8-8830 NYC.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 7th year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1963 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

ADIRONDACKS. Small, informal. Hiking, picnics, fishing; a hammock in the sun or a rocking chair by the fire. Activities for children. Folder. Trail's End, Keene Valley, New York.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE, take FRENCH LEAVE! Efficiencies, bedroom apartments, TV, Pool, Private beach. Color Brochure. FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish Cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, Tennis, Beach, Water Skiing. Couples, Families $90+ weekly. Long Island Phone 516-RO 4-7141.

MOUNTAIN BEACH VACATION, Hendersonville, North Carolina. Elevation 2300'. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages. Sand beach, boating, riding, golf. American Plan, fabulous food. Literate, congenial, informal. Lower September rates. Folder.

BZZZZZZZ. May we put a bee in your bonnet? This is a honey of a place to spend your vacation. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

IDEAL BASE FOR COMBINING a lakeside vacation with Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Jazz Festival, Berkshire Playhouse. Spend glorious days on our sparkling lake, in our enchanting woods, on our courts, on hiking trails, then after tip-top meals off to concert, ballet, etc. Or enjoy our miniature Tanglewood outdoors under the stars (Stereo Concert Grove) or indoors before the library fire. Unique rustic lodge, cottages, cabins retreat since 1925. Chanterwood, Box 41, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

THESE FRAGILE THINGS . . . the wind nor'-west, the air of radiant clarity, a delight in breathing, a pervasive, subtle exhilaration, an awareness of being alive . . . The Island Inn, Box F, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland garaging for all cars.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

(Continued on page 58)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

PELICAN COVE—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan and Patricia Hunter, Islamorada.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

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WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

40-ACRE LAKE MICHIGAN ESTATE. Complete family resort; Chamber and folk music concerts; Artist in residence and gallery. Write Sleepy Hollow, South Haven 1, Michigan.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Open to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

NATURE LOVERS, creative people. Find peace, quiet, beautiful scenery, charming old-world home, Individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y., near lovely Cooperstown.

THE FALES—500 wooded Berkshire acres. Pine-paneled cottages. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

MERRIEWOODE, Highland Lake, Stoddard, New Hampshire, HIlltop 6-3349, Suggests that if you must have intelligent companionship, great beauty of environment, good food and plentiful, and things to do, MERRIEWOODE has them all to give. Nonsectarian.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ROAD'S END—A rustic Adirondack Camp directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

NO SWIMMING POOL! No Television! Just quiet little inn—delightful atmosphere, good food, secluded terrace, in old Manchester village. Within walking distance: excellent golfing, good shopping. A short drive from Manchester's fine Art Center. Ideal for the selective who plan extended visits summer and fall. American Plan rates—by reservation. Manchester Inn, Box 674, Manchester, Vermont.

VACATIONS

"SUMMER CAMPUS HOLIDAY OF LIVELY ARTS" offers you a New York City vacation week (August 11th-18th) at the Henry Hudson Hotel, PLUS 3 lecture tours of Museums, 4 sessions of the United Nations Forum (U.N. diplomats debating world affairs, 5 plays with after-theatre seminars. ONLY $75.00. For details, write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theatres, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $12 daily, $70 weekly. Capacity 24. Families welcome. Phone 802-824-5918.

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HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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WEST DOVER INN. Quiet, picturesque village. West Dover, Vermont. Brochure.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

EAST BAY LODGE on Cape Cod, only 100 yards from the sea. Warm salt water swimming. All summer sports, planned activities. $13 up daily includes three superlative meals. Contact Gordon Trolley, Osterville 6, Massachusetts.

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FOR A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE . . . Come to the Alamac Hotel, Woodridge, New York . . . international cuisine and concept . . . a mecca for artists and musicians . . . two hours from city. Route 17, Exit 109. Phone Woodridge 33 collect.

REVELATION in rustic atmosphere, architecture, comfort. Elevation 2200', Green Mountain skyline. Listed every guide to good eating. Bring camera, binoculars, fly rod. Golf, tennis, riding nearby. Family cabin colony, modern rooms. Long Trail Lodge, Rutland, Vermont.

CAPE COD — casual vacation, de luxe trailer (private toilet), directly on waterfront, center of Cape. Sleeps up to 8. $51.00 weekly, with utilities. Box 458, Brewster, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, all with private bath. Weekly and monthly rates on request. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

CRUISE THE MAINE COAST. Sail aboard the Schooner "Stephen Taber." $125 weekly, special rates for September. For illustrated folder write Capt. Cy Cousins, Down East Cruises, East Blue Hill, Maine. Telephone Blue Hill 374-2285.

TRAVEL

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 21st edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated, price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.'s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single studio rooms, private bath, $26 per week. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

EXPEDITION—'ROUND THE WORLD' BEING FORMED. Famed 190' Schooner "YANKEE CLIPPER" embarks January '64 on 12 month voyage to Galapogos, Cairn, Tahiti, Orient, the World. Application being accepted for congenial shipmates to adventure and expenses (about $12 per day). Capt. Mike Burke, P.O. Box 1051, Dept. [illegible], Miami Beach 39, Florida.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates—especially for groups and families. Inclusive 2 or 3 day weekend package combinations. And if you are driving to New York write for helpful city driving map. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17. Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

DAWN AT SKUKUZA, your overnight rest camp in Kruger Park, is when you begin a full day of thrilling close-up views of lion, elephant, hippo, giraffe and countless other game. See all South Africa yourself—at less cost per day the longer you stay. Literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

EUROPEAN TOURS—Volkswagen bus, small groups, experienced guide. 65 days, $1,100. Write Warren Windom, 6Bis Rue D'Auteuil, Paris, France.

PHILADELPHIA (Penn Campus, "University Culture continues through Summer: Lumadrama atres, museums. $5 single, $7 double, none h all private baths, most television and air-conditioned. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th. 215-EVergreen 6-7100.

INTELLECTUAL Caribbean "Kibbutz" invites vacationists. Brochure. Presmont, Mahaut, Dominica, West Indies.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1527

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Particulars of how we "get better every day" (2 wds., after *in*).	66 105 4 59 131 22 68 147
B. English meaning, most commonly, of the French word *chez* (3 wds. followed by *of*).	158 61 24 133 12 77 148 124 56
C. Norse god of mischief, who contrived the death of Balder.	163 168 47 153
D. How one looks at one's equal (3 wds.).	125 183 176 107 165 106 8 60
E. Small European moth, pest of the grape.	94 149 129 5 170 36 135
F. Largest of the Marquesas, scene of *Typee* (2 wds.).	91 171 166 19 26 33 175 136
G. Literary, esp. if a bit pedantic.	6 85 152 89 137 42 21
H. Siamese coins dear to the Crossworder.	121 118 58 67
I. Hindu ceremony offering rice balls to an ancestor after a birth (Var.).	16 120 112 150 146 70 64 39
J. Unsubstantial; vague.	43 35 156 53 126 169 81
[illegible]t reciprocal.	90 161 17 185 79 144 30 7
L. Ethical or religious basing of conduct on the moral law.	40 18 87 50 37 93
M. Noyes's description of the moon as a galleon (*The Highwayman*).	92 108 82 57 116 145 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Leading English mathematician and mystic philosopher who died in 1947.	141 117 27 97 109 14 2 52 182
O. What the goose does when prospects are bright (2 wds.).	173 104 34 115 28 65 48 160 38
P. Titular character of Lyly's famous *Anatomy of Wit*, 1579.	95 100 180 103 74 123 132
Q. Concretion formed within cavities of the nose.	86 44 15 127 99 75 71 111 55
R. Ancient mathematician who "alone saw beauty bare", acc'g to Millay.	162 83 72 179 69 154
S. Pretentious personal display (comp.).	110 177 184 9 143 49 3
T. Phase descriptive of an amount which has increased another (2 wds.).	88 76 13 181 138 20 45
U. Following *One*, the movie for which the late Grace Moore was specially known, 1934 (3 wds.).	29 174 62 1 54 119 84 101 164 151 134
V. Wearing a decorative string of beads, or other, with perhaps a pendent jewel.	159 128 172 32 102 78 142 178 41
W. Where the Miami river empties (3 wds.).	23 114 63 140 157 51 80 73 167 10 46
X. The Aramic word addressed to the deaf mute by Jesus (*Mark* vii, 34).	113 11 155 31 25 96 122 139 130

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 U	2 N	■	3 S	4 A	5 E	6 G	7 K	8 D	■	9 S	10 W	11 X	12 B	13 T	■	14 N	15 Q
16 I	■	17 K	18 L	19 F	20 T	21 G	■	22 A	23 W	24 B	25 X	■	26 F	27 N	28 O	■	29 U
30 K	31 X	32 V	33 F	34 O	■	35 J	36 E	37 L	■	38 O	39 I	40 L	41 V	42 G	■	43 J	44 Q
45 T	46 W	47 C	■	48 O	49 S	■	50 L	■	51 W	52 N	53 J	■	54 U	55 Q	56 B	■	57 M
58 H	59 A	60 D	61 B	62 U	63 W	64 I	■	65 O	66 A	■	67 H	68 A	69 R	70 I	■	71 Q	■
72 R	73 W	74 P	75 Q	76 T	■	77 B	78 V	79 K	80 W	■	81 J	82 M	83 R	■	84 U	85 G	86 Q
■	87 L	88 T	89 G	90 K	91 F	92 M	■	93 L	94 E	■	95 P	96 X	97 N	■	98 M	99 Q	100 P
101 U	102 V	■	103 P	104 O	105 A	106 D	■	107 D	108 M	109 N	■	110 S	111 Q	112 I	113 X	114 W	115 O
116 M	117 N	■	118 H	119 U	■	120 I	121 H	122 X	123 P	■	124 B	125 D	■	126 J	127 Q	128 V	■
129 E	130 X	131 A	■	132 P	133 B	134 U	■	135 E	136 F	137 G	138 T	■	139 X	140 W	141 N	■	142 V
143 S	144 K	145 M	146 I	■	147 A	148 B	149 E	■	150 I	151 U	152 G	153 C	154 R	■	155 X	156 J	157 W
158 B	159 V	160 O	■	161 K	162 R	■	163 C	164 U	165 D	166 F	■	167 W	168 C	169 J	■	170 E	171 F
172 V	173 O	■	174 U	175 F	176 D	■	177 S	178 V	179 R	180 P	181 T	182 N	■	183 D	184 S	185 K	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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